

I know I'll fall in love with you, baby

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[Jeon Jungkook](#), [Min Yoongi | Suga](#), [Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster](#), [Park Jimin \(BTS\)](#), [Kim Taehyung | V](#), [Kim Seokjin | Jin](#), [Jung Hoseok | J-Hope](#)

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by [witheredleaf](#) ([micooled](#))

Summary

The soulmate/soulbond au where Yoongi is part of a famous rap duo and Jungkook is his diligent fanboy, they meet at a fansign and things escalate from there

(alt. Yoongi didn't sign up for this)

Notes

this was actually the very first sugakookie fic i wrote! it's been in stages of editing since november... i wrote the rough draft in less than two weeks like a person possessed. the power of sugakookie? unappreciated otps are my villain origin story.

i am 100% self indulgent trope trash and have never written anything that comes close to the length of this... also english is not my first language so i apologize for any mistakes! i had my friend look this over for me (thank u and im sorry) but she's not a native english speaker either so...

title from cry baby by the neighbourhood

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“What’s your name?”

He waits, pen at the ready, but the only answer is a sort of shuddering gasp. Yoongi glances up at the boy. He’s probably younger by a few years, and really fucking pretty. Dark hair, dark huge eyes staring like he can’t believe Yoongi is real. He represses a sigh. Yoongi always has trouble with the ones so starry eyed they forget how talk.

“I said, what’s your—”

“I,” his voice is soft, barely above a whisper as he stretches out his hand. Yoongi tenses, thinking he’s about to grab him, sees security starting to move in the corner of his eye, curses inwardly because it’s always the cute ones—but then he sees what the boy is trying to show him. In deep black cursive, the words *What’s your name* curve around the tender skin of his underarm like a bracelet.

“I, I think you might be my soulmate,” the boy stutters. And Yoongi is about to laugh because that’s ridiculous, that’s utterly preposterous. There must be a billion people out there with those exact words on their arm, and even then it’s so obviously planned, like this isn’t what he says to every single fan coming here, what the fuck, and how will he explain Yoongi’s own bare wrist? Except—

Except the guy’s eyes widen even more, trained on something on the table. A sudden strange sensation traces across Yoongi’s skin. And he looks down at his arm that lies palm up against the table, at the words *I think you might be my soulmate* in the process of spelling themselves out across his arm in stark contrast and, well. *Fuck*.

He’s so busy staring at the script that is just doing the finishing touches of his tattoo that he doesn’t notice that the activity around the table has dulled. Namjoon nudges him from his chair to Yoongi’s left, and gives him a questioning glance that Yoongi only manages to return blankly. Activity in the room has stilled, people in the back craning their heads to see why the line has stopped moving forward. There’s a fan in front of Namjoon waiting for her stoplight red converse highs to be signed. And the boy, who is, apparently, Yoongi’s fucking *soulmate*, just keeps standing there. And they’re all looking at him. Namjoon’s eyes travel to Yoongi’s wrist displayed for all to see, his wrist that should be blank but *isn’t*, and blanches. “Oh shit,” he says under his breath, in English. “*Shit*, hyung.” Yoongi privately

agrees.

“I’m,” the boy begins, but Yoongi never gets to hear what he’s about to say because as the boy reaches for his wrist like he means to touch it, several things happen at once. Security swoops in and grabs hold of the boy, the room explodes with confused noise and Yoongi finally jerks his arm out of reach, down into his lap. The entire time the boy is being escorted out, his eyes are silently boring into Yoongi’s.

Luckily the signing is almost over, and the rest is like a haze. Namjoon is shooting him worried glances and Yoongi smiles reassuringly on autopilot, signing and moving on to the next person mechanically. He keeps his arm tucked safely underneath the table the entire time, and tries not to think about the words there burning into his skin.

Yoongi curls up against the window of the van. He feels suddenly exhausted, like the marrow has been sucked out of his bones and left him several pounds lighter. Like he might float away if not tethered to the ground.

“Hyung!” Namjoon exclaims. “What the hell happened in there?”

“What the fuck do you think?” Yoongi growls back.

“He’s your soulmate?” Namjoon asks, and just the words are like a freefall. Yoongi says nothing. He doesn’t need to. Namjoon drags his hand down his face like he’s trying to wipe his expression off.

“Look, hyung. I know you don’t want to deal with this but people in there saw, and they’re gonna talk. The director won’t let this slide.”

He’s right, of course. As soon as they get back, it’s damage control.

“How many of the fans noticed?”

“Uh, I’m not sure, but probably only those at the very front? There was a lot of confusion though, so I’m not sure they understood what was actually happening?” It’s Namjoon that’s answering. Yoongi is staring at his hands on the table. Both his sleeves are pulled down to his knuckles, the edges clutched in his fists.

“Photos?” the director questions sharply. Namjoon shakes his head.

“I don’t think anyone was close enough to catch it.” The director lets

out a sigh, but nods.

“That’s a relief. Without tangible proof we can play this as nothing more than a fan getting a bit too up close and personal. Regardless, it’ll be all over the net.” He places his phone screen up on the table. The tweets are already pouring in. Yoongi bows his head further as the director turns to him. “And we need to find that guy.”

**

Jungkook stumbles over his feet as he’s pushed outside, and behind him the door is shut tightly. He sits down on a bench near the entrance, trying to clear up the haze he’s looking through. Min Suga is his soulmate. *The* Min Suga, rapper extraordinaire, part of famous rap duo *Cypher*, and the bane of Jungkook’s fanboy existence.

Jungkook stares down at his arm. The words there should be evidence enough that this *isn’t* one of those dreams Jimin teases him about which he’ll deny having until the end of time. He still pinches himself just to be sure. It leaves a stinging red mark right next to the tattoo.

His phone is blowing up in his pocket. He wrestles it out of his jeans, and sure enough there is a bunch of texts from Jimin. The last one reads *holy s h it wtf happened??????* so he guesses Jimin witnessed at least some of all... that. Once again he thinks, *Min Suga is my soulmate*, and is hit with a rush like carbonated soda streaming through his veins. His cell vibrates in his palm with an incoming call.

“Hello?”

“Jungkook!” Jimin’s voice cracks. “Where are you?” Then there’s some crackling and Taehyung’s deeper register filters through the speaker. “Kookie! Where did the scary men take you? Are you being arrested? Is this your one phone call? Don’t worry, me and Jiminnie won’t let you go to prison alone!”

Jungkook has long since learned to filter which parts of Taehyung’s many questions that require actual answering. “I’m outside, hyung.”

A minute later they burst through the doors, Jimin first and Taehyung hot on his heels. Upon spotting him sitting alone on the bench, looking unharmed and not destined for prison any time soon, they

deflate. Jimin puts his head in his palm and mutters something sounding suspiciously like “This kid!” while Taehyung launches himself at Jungkook with a cry of “Kookie!”

“So. What happened in there? I swear, we look away for one minute and you get hauled off by security...” Jimin glances uncertainly at him. “I know you think Suga-hyung lit the sun and like, invented ramyun flavouring, but you didn’t... do anything weird to him, did you?”

“No!” Jungkook bursts out.

Jimin immediately puts up his hands in a placating gesture. “I didn’t think you did, just making sure! What was it then?”

Jungkook has no idea how to explain this in a way that doesn’t sound delusional, so he wordlessly offers his wrist. Jimin gasps like this is some kind of MBC drama (although some hysterical part of Jungkook wonders if they haven’t crossed into that territory already) and grabs his wrist. Taehyung makes a soft sound of surprise from where he draped himself over Jungkook’s back. “You met your soulmate? Who is it?”

“It’s. Uh.” Jungkook clears his throat. “Suga-hyung.”

Jimin drops his arm and snaps his gaze up from where he’d been staring at the tattoo to meet Jungkook’s eyes. Taehyung is next to grab Jungkook’s wrist. He traces a light finger over the words, and Jungkook shivers.

“Jeon Jungkook,” Jimin says, weighing the words carefully in his mouth. “Are you being funny right now?”

Jungkook scowls in response. “Would I joke about this? He asked for my name and this,” he gives his wrist a little shake in Taehyung’s loose grip, “appeared on my arm!”

What follows is a lot of *oh my god*’s and squeezing from Taehyung, while Jimin looks like he can’t believe this is real life. Granted, Jungkook isn’t sure he can believe it either, but there’s a smile slowly growing on his face that he can’t fight.

“Okay but,” Jimin suddenly stops jumping up and down, and wrinkles his nose. “Why did you get escorted out by security then? And why didn’t Suga-hyung say anything about it?”

His words put a stop to the elation that has been slowly seeping into Jungkook's heart and settling in his bones. Because thinking back past the *holy shit Min Suga is my soulmate*, the soulmate in question said nothing at all after the words that sealed their fates.

"He needs to take care of his image, Kookie," Taehyung says in his ear. He leans his cheek against Jungkook's shoulder. "Not making a scene meant protecting you both."

Jungkook nods, but the smile has slipped off his face and he can't seem to bring it back. Unbidden, the expression on Suga's face comes back to him. And he realizes that he never answered the only thing his soulmate had asked. He never gave him his name. And now, the person he's meant to be with has no idea who he is.

**

"I'm sorry," she says and her eyes are bright and full of sharp things. He wants to reach out and touch her, but her gaze makes it impossible. "You were nothing like I thought. I shouldn't have—" she stops, biting the inside of her cheek.

"It's not you," she says and she looks at him like he's a stranger, someone she's never seen before. "It's not you."

Her disappointment is like a tangible thing, a weight, crushing over his lungs. She starts walking away and he tries to open his mouth to say something, anything, but the weight presses harder and he can't get out a single sound even though he tries desperately, anything for her to turn around and look at him again, anything, but he can't even draw a breath, he can't *breathe*—

And he wakes up coughing, shuddering and gasping for air, greedily sucking it into his lungs and trying to calm his racing heart. He kicks off the blankets, sitting up and scrubbing a hand over his eyes. Christ.

He jumps when his phone starts buzzing on the bedside table. Drawing yet another deep breath, he swipes at the screen and answers without looking.

"Yes?" His voice is rusty with sleep, and he winces.

“Yoongi?” It’s Seokjin. “Are you okay? You don’t sound so good.”

“Ah no, ‘s nothing. Just woke up, is all.” He drags his free hand through his hair, feeling it stick up in sweaty tufts. “What’s up, hyung?”

There’s a brief silence on the other end, then “We, uh. We found him.” Ridiculously, it actually takes a few seconds for Yoongi to place what he’s talking about. When he does, it’s a better wake up call than being plunged into a tub full of icy water.

“Oh.”

“Yes,” Seokjin says. “Listen, Yoongi... I won’t force you to talk to him but...”

“You think I should meet him,” Yoongi bites out, sharply.

“Yes,” Seokjin’s reply is without hesitation. “You will need to sooner or later anyway, and I think it could be... good for you,” he finishes softly.

“No offense,” Yoongi begins. “But are you joking right now, hyung?”

Seokjin just plows on, like he hasn’t heard. “I know you think it’s a bad idea after... after what happened last time, but it doesn’t have to be the same, Yoongi. Every fan isn’t her.”

“Hyung,” Yoongi grits out, gripping the phone until his fingers turn white. “Please hang up the phone now.” *Before I say something I’ll regret*, is the unvoiced continuation, and Yoongi knows Seokjin can hear it too by the way he sighs.

“Alright,” he says and his voice is so careful and compassionate, like Yoongi is a child that needs calming. “But think about it, okay? Happiness isn’t only for other people, Yoongi. You are allowed to be happy too.”

There’s a click and silence. Yoongi lowers the phone, lets it slide out of his hand and drop into the sheets. The morning light filtering through the curtains is unforgiving.

“I am happy,” he tells the empty room. “I’m happy.”

“Okay, enough. Jeon Jungkook, *get up*.”

A pillow hits him in the head. It's the third one so the element of surprise has worn off by now, and Jungkook doesn't even grace Jimin with a response. There's a brief silence, then he can hear Jimin muttering “I can't believe you're making me do this” just before all the blankets are ripped off him. He squints feebly at the light, curling up on the mattress.

“Go ‘way, hyung.”

“Not until you stop being a mopey teenager and talk to me.”

“...”

“I'll cut up your Iron Man boxers.”

Jungkook sits up abruptly.

“Hyung!”

“What do you want me to do, you haven't gone to classes in two days! You've barely left your bed! You're only giving one word answers to texts, if any at all, and I know Taehyung insists being tsundere is your *thing* or whatever, but this is too much even for you. It's obviously bothering you, so just let it all out.” Jimin's arms are crossed over his chest, a stern set to his mouth that means business. Jungkook regards him silently, before slumping with his back against the wall. Jimin takes this as an invitation to crawl onto the mattress and settle in next to him.

“There, now tell hyung what's wrong.” Jungkook glares half-heartedly at Jimin's innocent batting of eyelashes, before sighing and biting his lip.

“It's just...”

“Suga-hyung?” Jimin ventures when it becomes clear that Jungkook can't continue.

“Yeah.” Jungkook looks down at his hands twisting the blanket in his lap.

Sometimes, before meeting Suga, thinking about him was painful because Jungkook admired Suga so much, liked him so much... and

yet Suga had no idea he even existed. Wouldn't know him if they passed each other on the street, wouldn't even react. Jungkook hated the fact that Suga meant so much to him, but Jungkook himself meant nothing to his idol. Those thoughts were few and far in between though. But now it's like that, only a hundred times worse. Now Jungkook *knows* he is meant to be with Suga, he is meant to receive Suga's affection—except *Suga still doesn't know who he is*. Because Jungkook was too much of an idiot, too starstruck to give his fucking name even when *asked for it*.

It's like the tattoo adorning his wrist is nothing but a reminder of his own failure, taunting him. *What's your name?*

"Hey, Kookie, relax," Jimin's hands envelop his own on top of the blanket. "You're going to tear it." Jungkook lets go of the blanket he hadn't even realized was about to become rags fit for wrapping a mummy, and drops his head on Jimin's shoulder. Jimin's hand comes up to stroke his hair and normally, Jungkook would shake him off and scowl at him for treating him like a kid, but, well. He'll humor him just this once.

"You know, he's probably looking for you, right?" Jimin's soft voice cuts through Jungkook's dazed thoughts, and he looks up at him from underneath the hand in his hair.

"But, I couldn't even give him my name..." Jungkook casts his eyes downward again as another wave of frustration washes over him. *You're such an idiot, Jeon Jungkook.*

"You think that's going to stop the great Min Suga?" Jimin's voice takes on a teasing quality. "I thought you had more faith in him than that! If you're so worried about him not finding you... do you think you're making it easier or harder for him by hiding out in your room?"

Jungkook looks up with wide eyes. He hadn't thought of that. Apparently Jimin can tell from his expression, and laughs.

"Yeah, thought so. Now, please get in the shower Jeon Jungkook, you smell terrible!" Then he proceeds to tickle Jungkook out of his curled up position and manhandle him towards the bathroom, where he shoves him inside with threats of coming in with him if he doesn't get a move on. Jungkook's non-verbal response is to slam the door shut with a horrified face and lock it, but he's still smiling when he gets in the shower. Only a little though.

It's two days after that when Jungkook gets the call. He's in the dance studio, packing up his things after an intense session led by Hoseok when his phone starts tinkling with a beat that soon gets layered with Suga's rapping. Fishing his cell out of the pocket of his jacket, he frowns when the screen is lit up with a number he doesn't recognize. Hesitating for a second, he answers with a swipe of his thumb.

"Hello?"

"Jeon Jungkook?" the unfamiliar voice at the other end asks. It's a guy.

"Yes? Who am I talking to?" Jungkook sees Jimin look up at him from across the room, a frown creating a line between his brows.

"Oh, sorry!" the guy responds, sounding flustered. "My name is Kim Seokjin, I am the manager for Min Suga. I guess you might know why I'm calling?"

"Oh," Jungkook says, faintly. Out of the corner of his eye he sees Jimin drop his things and start to move towards him, but he can't seem to focus on anything other than the voice coming out the speaker.

"Yeah," Seokjin laughs, "sounds like you do."

"Does he, um," Jungkook sounds breathless even to himself, "does he want to meet me?" Jimin has reached him by now and is putting a hand on Jungkook's arm, his eyes full of silent questions.

There's a pause, and to Jungkook it lasts forever. In real time it's probably no more than a fraction of a section, before Seokjin's voice comes back on.

"Actually that's exactly what I wanted to talk to you about..."

By the time Jungkook hangs up with a dazed expression, Jimin is practically vibrating out of his skin. "Was that who I think it was?"

"He wants to meet me," Jungkook whispers, and turns huge, terrified eyes to Jimin. "Holy shit, he wants to meet me! Hyung, what do I do?"

Jimin's eyes are twinkling. "You meet him, of course!"

Jeon Jungkook. 19 years old. College student.

Yoongi stares down at the file the company has compiled from their research. Like this is a spy movie, and the boy on the photo looking up at him is his next target for assassination. Except he isn't, he's Yoongi's *soulmate*, and all of this is so fucking weird. Yoongi distantly wonders when he'll be able to think the word *soulmate* without it being in cursive.

Jungkook. His name is Jungkook. He examines the photo that comes with the file once more, tries to match the name with the face. The only conclusion he manages to reach is that even if the picture is a good one, Jungkook was prettier in real life, and that no one should have eyes that expressive.

He flips through the file again. Honestly, some of the information is downright creepy, and it feels suspiciously like a dating profile. Yoongi is ready to bet his career on Seokjin's personal involvement in the making of this. The pink headers are only the first clue. How do they even know what Jungkook's blood type is? Why would they feel compelled to compile a list of his favourite foods? And why does this profile include a description of Jungkook's ideal type?

[to: seokjin-hyung] why did you include his ideal type. it doesn't even fit me

[from: seokjin-hyung] I don't know, I think your legs are pretty nice! Just like SNSD's

[to: seokjin-hyung] respectfully, i am going to murder you

[from: seokjin-hyung] Don't worry, I think his type could also be summed up as Min Suga ;)

Yoongi sighs, putting the phone away without answering. That's the problem, isn't it. Min Suga. Not Min Yoongi. He already regrets agreeing to this meeting, although it wasn't as if he was left with much choice. Seokjin had called him up again, gushing about how he contacted the boy, Jungkook, and "do you know what the very first thing he said was, Yoongi? He asked if you wanted to meet him!" and well. There wasn't much Yoongi could say to that.

So now he's here, in the back of an outdoor cafe, beanie pulled down, scarf pulled up and sunglasses perched safely on his nose. There's enough bite in the air that he regrets not wearing mittens. He takes another sip of his half full cup, even though he suspects he might throw up from having any more caffeine. It's gone lukewarm in the cold weather, and he grimaces but swallows anyway, waving away the waitress as she starts to approach. He won't stay for long anyway.

He scratches absentmindedly at his forearm while scanning the faces of everyone passing by. His tattoo has itched ever since this morning. He guesses this means Jungkook is freaking out about meeting him. He snorts as his mind supplies him with an image of the wide eyed boy he met that day on the signing. Of course he's freaking out. He thinks he's about to meet *the* Min Suga. Too bad it's only Yoongi waiting for him.

Suddenly the butterflies that had been relatively dormant until just now flutter up a storm inside of Yoongi. He doesn't need to look up to know what that means. He's here.

**

Jungkook tugs at his sleeves for what must be the billionth time. After this meeting, they will probably permanently hang below his fingertips.

He's starting to regret declining both Jimin's and Taehyung's offers to come along, but he just couldn't bear the thought of them being there to witness this embarrassing moment. Because Jungkook doesn't doubt that he will make a fool of himself. He's going to meet Min Suga. Alone. Without distractions. And he really is trying to restrain himself because the last thing he wants is for his soulmate to think he's a freak, but all it will take is one of those sweet gummy smiles from Suga and Jungkook is going to die. Rest in pieces, as Taehyung would say.

It's too late now anyway, because Jungkook can see the cafe Seokjin described to him over the phone. He casts a quick glance at his reflection in a nearby store window. His outfit is pretty much the same as he'd wear any other day, because Jimin had told him he didn't need the added anxiety of wearing something he's not comfortable in. His reflection is just him looking nervous in

Timberlands, black skinny jeans and a warm jacket with a beanie jammed down over his hair. After confirming there is nothing on his face, Jungkook squares his shoulders and stalks toward the cafe.

He sweeps over the patrons when he gets close enough, and his gaze sticks on a guy in the far back, hunched in on himself. He's wearing enough disguise that his face is almost completely obscured, but Jungkook recognizes that beanie as one from several broadcasts, and his heartbeat trips over itself before picking up again with triple the pace because that's *him*. As if on cue, the guy looks up, straight at him. Jungkook takes a deep breath, and walks forward.

Smack dab into a table. All the cups and plates stacked on it make a terrible crashing sound, cutlery rattling against the porcelain. Every single eye is suddenly trained on him.

"Sorry," Jungkook mutters, trying to steady the cups while wishing the ground would just open up and swallow him already. After making sure the rickety table won't tip over as soon as he lets go, Jungkook starts making his way toward the back. This time his eyes are firmly fixed on the ground in favor of very carefully sidestepping all obstacles, but also because his face feels so red that all it would take to recreate the Japanese flag would be to put him against a white backdrop.

When he finally reaches the table he all but collapses in his chair, hoping it looks like he's being aloof and not too obviously because his legs are shaking so badly he can barely stand. Then he looks up.

Min Suga has tugged down his scarf, and his full pink lips are smirking. "Nice entrance, kid," he says, and oh god, his *voice*.

"Hello," Jungkook breathes out, and just the fact that he is still capable of speech when Min Suga is right in front of him is nothing short of a miracle. He swallows forcibly, because his heart is climbing up his throat and trying to choke him, and the ability to breathe is one Jungkook values. Almost as much as the ability to form actual sentences, speaking of which, that would come in handy now. "Nice to meet you. Um, officially. Suga-hyung."

The smirk slips off Suga's face, but Jungkook barely notices because he is so busy staring at everything he can lay his eyes on. Suga's cheeks are a bit red from the cold, as is the tip of his nose, and his hair looks so soft and fluffy and Jungkook really wants to touch it, wants to run his fingers through it and slip his hands underneath that

beanie—*oh my god stop it* says a voice in his head, a voice that sounds suspiciously like Jimin's. Jungkook snaps his gaze back to Suga's eyes — or more correctly, to the sunglasses obscuring Suga's eyes from view. Jungkook wishes he would take them off because it's making his skin crawl like he's being scrutinized, without actually knowing if Suga is looking at him.

As if he can read Jungkook's mind, Suga slips off his sunglasses and puts them on the table. It's like a hand pushes into Jungkook's chest and grabs his heart. Slightly winded by the strong reaction, he takes in Suga's face. He looks tired, but he's still so unbelievably beautiful. His skin is smooth and pale in the bleak daylight, accentuating the dark smudges underneath his eyes even more sharply. The beanie is pushing his fringe down into his eyes, those slanted pretty dark brown eyes that— are meeting his own dead on. Jungkook realises that he's staring again and quickly flicks his gaze down at the table, biting his lip while silently cursing himself. A slightly awkward silence descends.

"Hey, Jungkook."

Jungkook barely has time to process the fact that Suga just called him by name before there are careful, cold fingertips tilting his chin up. It's barely a touch but Jungkook feels like every single nerve in his body is lighting up like the midnight sky on New Year's. Every sensory cell is straining toward that singularity, that one point of skin contact because *Suga is touching him*.

"Yes?" It's not a squeak but it's not exactly normal pitch either, but Jungkook doesn't even care because Suga withdraws his hand. Jungkook is torn between wanting to grab onto it and asking him to never touch him again, because Jungkook obviously cannot handle it. He struggles to get his facial expression under control.

There's a shift. It's so so subtle, but it's like something slots into place and Suga's eyes become a bit more shuttered. He leans back in his chair, arms folding over his chest. "About the tattoos. Who did you tell?"

"What?"

"How many people did you tell?"

Jungkook blinks, bewildered.

"You mean, how many people have I told that... we're..." Jungkook trails off, feeling his cheeks heat again, and Suga's lips thin as he nods.

“Uh, only Taehyung and Jimin? They’re my friends,” he adds hastily, because Suga’s expression is darkening.

“And how many people have they told?”

“No one, I think?” Jungkook twists his hands into his sleeves again, frowning.

“Well,” Suga picks up his sunglasses and puts them back on. Jungkook gets the sudden impression that this entire conversation is slipping through his fingers. “Tell them not to breathe a word, and this whole thing will blow over.” He gets up and pauses, one hand on the table, before adding, “Fair warning, you should lay low for a while. Some of the fans might be pissed at you right now.” Then he’s. Leaving?

“Wait!”

Suga turns halfway back to look at him and Jungkook feels like the hand inside his chest is squeezing his heart in its fist. Suga, sweet, soft Suga with the sleep circles is suddenly surrounded by an air of intimidation. Untouchable, just like when he’s on stage. “Don’t you want....?” He trails off, unsure of what he’s about to say. *To get to know me? My number? Don’t you want... me?*

“I don’t date my fans.”

It’s so cold. Jungkook hunches back into his jacket, chasing that warmth he felt just seconds before.

“But... we’re...”

“We’re what?”

Jungkook feels small and stupid. There’s something shrivelling up inside of him, like a scrap of paper being set on fire.

“...Nothing.”

Suga leaves. Jungkook lays his hands on the surface of the metal table. It’s cold as ice.

Namjoon takes one look at Yoongi's face as he comes through the door and promptly shuts his mouth. Yoongi just breezes past him and into the studio. He shuts the door and leans against it, closing his eyes.

What the fuck.

He was going to tell the kid "Sorry to disappoint you, but I can't do this, it's not you it's me, yadda yadda" and then fuck off. Except that, Jungkook was... really fucking adorable. When he crashed right into that table and was so awkwardly flustered about it, Yoongi's jaw *ached* from how hard he was clenching it trying not to burst out laughing. And the way he *looked* at Yoongi, with that lip bite that should be fucking *illegal*.

He called him Suga. *Suga-hyung*, so sweetly and it stung. Because Yoongi already can't stand the thought of those starry eyes full of awe turning dull and flat with disappointment, doesn't ever want to be the one to cause that look to fade away.

He screws his eyes shut even tighter at the memory of the sheer *hurt* on Jungkook's face. The cold invading him with every step away from that table had him gritting his teeth. It isn't his emotion anyway, he tells himself. It's Jungkook's, just an echo. Because of the tattoos.

Somehow that's worse.

He realizes he's closed his other hand over the tattoo on his wrist like a vice. When he lets go, there's an imprint of four fingers that rapidly change color from white to red. The words underneath them feel like a mockery. *I think you might be my soulmate*.

The universe is such a bitch. After that time, after her, and it tries to tell him that his soulmate is another fan? Yeah, no. Yoongi's been there, done that, suffered the consequences and learned his lesson.

Fuck that.

**

[from: jimin] how's the date going??? ;) ;) ;)

[from: jimin] r u guys makin out and that why ur not answering

[from: jimin] r u too busy staring at his face

[from: jimin] ok but honestly r u kissing????

[from: jimin] ...jungkook?

[from: jimin] did something happen

[from: jimin] kookie pls answer

[from: jimin] did he say something??????

[from: jimin] r u home

[to: jimin] yes

[from: jimin] i'm coming over

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

you guys.... 180 kudos!!! i am amazed at the response and so thankful for all the love i have received ;__; your wonderful comments make me burn with the force of a thousand suns, thank you all so much <3

that being said, are y'all ready bc im about to crank up the drama

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Yoongi's concentration is broken by the sound of the studio door opening. He swivels around in his chair to face the person entering. It's Namjoon.

"How's it going?"

"Good." Yoongi spins another lap. It's actually going rather awful. The beat feels too heavy, too compact. Every time he presses the replay button, his displeasure deepens. The song lacks an element to lift it, but Yoongi has no idea what that element is.

"Did you want something?" It comes out shorter than intended, but the headache pulsing behind his temples is wearing him down. He fiddles with the buttons on the audio mixer.

"Yeah, actually." Namjoon drops into a chair next to him. "Came to tell you it seems like things have calmed down with the fanbase again."

Yoongi makes a face. Normally, the Jungkook incident wouldn't be a big deal. It's not exactly rare for a fan to forget themselves and get too close to their idol. But as luck would have it, it's been a slow week. In the absence of other news, some internet magazines had picked up on the rumors and spun them into articles that were nothing but speculation. Naturally, the fanbase had been buzzing with ideas of who that guy who "dared to touch Suga" was. However, since there was nothing more than a few blurry videos and no name to point blame to, and with zero comments from the record label or Suga himself, the whole thing had started to die down.

“But hyung,” Namjoon begins, and Yoongi already knows he won’t like this from his tone of voice. “Are you really just gonna let that guy go? That’s a bit...”

“Aren’t you the one always going on about all that deep shit about not being bound by the rules of society or whatever?” Yoongi points out, raising his brows. “Just last week you went on a rant about how ‘the existence of soulmates is breeding hatred and intolerance, fabricating affection while alienating any true form of love born from the hearts of people brave enough to exist outside this corrupt system.’”

“Yeah, okay, I might have said that, but you’re just using that as an excuse to run away!” Yoongi narrows his eyes at the way Namjoon’s voice increases in volume.

“Careful there, Namjoonie. I’m still your hyung, you know.”

“Does that mean I can’t look out for you? I mean, I get you had a bad experience, but do you honestly think every single fan is like that? And what about Jungkook?”

“What about him?” Yoongi sounds defensive even to his own ears.

“Do you think this is fair to him, not even giving him a chance? Hyung, you know how I feel about soulmates, but even I get there’s a reason his words are on your arm!”

“Shut up. Don’t talk about him.”

“Or what? I thought you didn’t even care!”

Yoongi shoots out of the chair with so much force it spins out from under him and slams into the wall. “Get out.” Namjoon opens his mouth again, looking far from done, but Yoongi is so furious he’s trembling all over. “No, get the *fuck* out.” Namjoon works his jaw in frustration, but thinks better of it and gets up.

“It’s not like it’s too late, hyung. Just call him or something.” Then the door shuts and he’s gone.

Well then, Yoongi reflects as he stands in the middle of the room, chest heaving. That just leaves one person that has yet to yell at him. Might as well get that over with, too.

Which is why he's out in the street, knocking at the door of a dance studio past eleven o'clock on a weekday. His breath forms clouds of mist that hang in the air. Blowing hot air into his hands while waiting for footsteps from the other side, Yoongi makes a mental note to buy those damn mittens before his fingers fall off.

The door clicks, then opens a fraction, a thin line of light falling onto the pavement. "Who is it?"

"It's me."

The door flings open with such force it bangs off the wall. Yoongi doesn't even flinch. "Yoongi-hyung!" Hoseok beams as he reaches over the threshold to grab Yoongi by his collar and drag him inside. "What brings you here? Finally decided to brush up on your dance skills?"

"Ha ha," Yoongi responds dryly. "No, it's just this little thing." He shrugs out of his jacket and waves his arm around a bit, figuring the message will get across. Hoseok's eyes grow huge and he immediately snatches Yoongi's wrist to gawk at the words there.

Then he proceeds to lick his thumb and rub at the tattoo. Yoongi snorts.

"Holy shit, it's real!" Hoseok squeals, prompting Yoongi to raise his free hand to cover his ear. "Oh my god, I've been waiting *years* for this. There is someone destined for your grumpiness after all! *Tell me*, who is it? Oh god, Jungkook is going to be so devastated when he finds out. Or wait, is that why he hasn't been coming to lessons...." Hoseok continues mumbling to himself, but Yoongi freezes up, brain stuck on one word.

"Jungkook?"

"Yeah, he's one of the underclassmen I teach... He's a bit of a brat honestly, but really passionate, and he has the biggest crush on you, it's adorable. This one time he was gonna show me a dance video on his phone and the current video was a compilation called," Hoseok throws up a pair of air quotes, "*suga's top ten hottest moments, wink emoji*"... I thought his head was going to actually explode from blushing so hard, it was *hilarious*, he couldn't look me in the eye for a *week*—" Hoseok finally cuts off and Yoongi's thankful because has no idea what part of that sentence to address first. "Wait, why are you asking about that though? Do you know him?"

"Yeah," Yoongi rasps. "It's, uh. It's him."

“What?” Hoseok says. “What? *Jungkookie* is your soulmate? Seriously? Wow, I guess all that stuff kinda makes sense then...”

**

“Jungkook?”

“Go away.”

“Kookie, are you crying?”

“No.”

There’s shuffling coming from behind the door, and a voice that sounds like Taehyung saying “I’m gonna kill him” and Jimin furiously hissing “You can’t kill a celebrity Tae, you’ll go to prison and then Kookie will be even more sad!” Jungkook dunks his head back against the wall, creating a dull thump.

“Hey, Kookie,” it’s Taehyung. “Can I come in?”

Jungkook would deny his request, but there’s a distinct clicking that tells him Jimin is in the process of picking the lock right now anyway. Jungkook knew he shouldn’t have showed him that YouTube video. “Okay.”

The knob turns and Taehyung slides in before shutting the door behind him. He doesn’t ask why Jungkook is sitting fully clothed in the bathtub, only walks up and nudges his shoulder until Jungkook scoots forward so Taehyung can slide down and sit behind him. Taehyung wraps his arms around Jungkook’s middle and hooks his chin over his shoulder. It’s silent, except for the occasional snuffle from Jungkook. Taehyung doesn’t say anything about that either.

“Do you... is it because of his image, hyung?” Jungkook keeps his voice purposefully low, but it still cracks just a little. “Do you think he’s... ashamed to be seen with me?”

Pathetic. Jungkook is so pathetic. Of course he’s not good enough for Suga, whom Jungkook admires more than anyone. Suga who is famous despite being only a few years older, who writes and produces his own music, who has thousands and thousands of fans, Suga who is

creative and amazing and so beautiful it hurts. Compared to that, Jungkook is nothing. Just a kid who hasn't accomplished anything in life. What does it matter that the universe has apparently decided they're soulmates? It changes nothing in the end, just the added sting of not even being wanted by the person he's meant for. If not even his soulmate can stand being with him, who will?

"Jungkook-ah," Taehyung's arms tighten around his waist, "if you're not good enough for him, no one in this world is. *He's* the stupid one."

"He's my *soulmate*, hyung," Jungkook chokes out. "And I disappointed him." He draws his knees up to his chest, folding in on himself. Taehyung follows the motion, wrapping himself around Jungkook like a monkey.

Eventually, Jungkook's shoulders stop trembling, and he's left sniveling wetly, trying to wipe his running nose with the backs of his hands. Taehyung offers his sleeve.

"Wanna use this?"

It startles a small laugh out of Jungkook.

"That's gross, hyung."

"Well, suit yourself then," Taehyung grins.

There's a knock on the door, and Jimin's head pops inside.

"Wanna come out and watch movies?" His head withdraws and a hand dangling a plastic convenience store bag appears in its stead. "I bought ice cream?"

"...Is this your idea of cheering me up? You've watched too many dramas..."

Taehyung throws his head back and laughs, and it almost drowns out Jimin's affronted "This brat...!" from the outside.

They end up having a Marvel marathon, all three crammed together on Jungkook's bed in front of his laptop. Jimin and Taehyung act even more silly than usual, making faces at him and at one point even smearing ice cream on his nose. Jungkook knows it's just to make him laugh, because every time he cracks a smile they yell and pile on top of him like overly excited puppies, dangerously close to overturning the laptop.

Still, as annoying as it is, the pain of rejection that's been like a bruise pulsing just underneath his skin dulls just a little. The edges of Jungkook's lips upturn slightly, and immediately he finds himself eating his pillow as his hyungs throw themselves on top of him with cries of "*Kookie-yah!*"

"Get *off* of me, oh my god!"

**

"So let me get this right," Hoseok starts. "You let security drag him off without a word at your first meeting, ignored him for days, then met him just to reject him without even telling him why? No offense Yoongi, but you're being a shitty soulmate so far."

Yoongi bristles. "He doesn't even know me!"

"You haven't given him a chance to! Honestly, I love you and all," Yoongi makes a face more out of habit than anything else, "but right now I'm kinda mad at you for hurting Jungkook like this."

"I bet he's already got all of these ideas about me, though," Yoongi scowls and picks at some lint on his shirtsleeve. "Bet he's gonna be disappointed when he finds out who Min Suga is. I'm just sparing the kid the trouble, 's all."

"Yoongi-hyung," Hoseok says and Yoongi pointedly does not look at his expression. "Do you really think that?"

Yoongi shrugs.

"Wow. Hyung, I'm sorry to inform you that even I, who have known you for ages, am pretty disappointed to find out how stupid you actually are."

"What did you say to me."

"Wait, don't kill me yet, I still need to deliver the rest of this riveting best friend speech—"

"Know what else will be *riveting*? Your *funeral*, which I will make sure to attend as your so called *best friend*."

Hoseok dances out of reach, grabbing a chair and brandishing it in front of him like a shield. “I only meant that you thinking about yourself as split into two separate people is what’s stupid! Honestly hyung, I get that there’s a difference between who you are before you have coffee in the morning—because frankly you’re terrifying—and who you are when you perform, but it’s not like you become an entirely different person any time you go on stage!”

“You might not think so, but to others there’s a difference—”

“So all those stupid videos and vines you and Namjoon upload, every single tweet you post, every interview, that’s all fake to you? I’ve seen that stuff too, and trust me hyung, there really isn’t that much of a difference.” Hoseok grins at him. “You’re still just an asshole. *That I love and dearly respect*, please sit down—”

“He still one of my fans though. You know I don’t—”

“Date my fans’,” Hoseok fills in, with a roll of his eyes. “Yeah I know all about your golden principle, okay.”

“Your imitation skills are shit, I sound nothing like that.”

“If you say so,” Hoseok drawls, purposefully layering on his own accent thick just to see Yoongi make a disgusted face. “But you can’t even make one exception? For your own soulmate?”

“He seems like a good kid. I’d just fuck up his life.”

“Hate to break it to you, hyung, but you’ve probably done that already.”

Yoongi’s teeth flash briefly in a humorless smile. *Right.*

**

Jungkook rolls out of bed the next morning groaning and cursing his reluctant promise to “get up, get dressed, and go to class like a functional human being” from the previous night. His mood only declines further when he gets a look at himself in the mirror above the bathroom sink while brushing his teeth. His hair is sticking up in every direction, face ruddy and swollen, eyes puffy. Still, he doesn’t

even look a quarter as bad as he *feels*, so that might be something.

This is the face Min Suga looked at for five minutes and decided he couldn't stand, Jungkook thinks. He breaks eye contact with his reflection and bows over to spit toothpaste foam into the sink. For the rest of his morning routine, he avoids the mirror.

The day continues in the same gloomy manner. In the bleak daylight and in the middle of his usual everyday pattern, the truth feels even more harsh and unavoidable. Jungkook goes to class and thinks, *the person I admire hates me*. He listens to the professor drone on, and the doodles on his notes from last week spelling out *Min Suga* over and over feel like a cruel joke. Still, he can't bring himself to cross them out. He packs up his books, and trudges to the next lecture, thinking, *my soulmate hates me*.

By lunchtime he's worked himself into such a slump that he doesn't feel energized enough to take another step.

[to: the #1 hyung kookie loves most <333] wtf hyung when did you change your name in my phone book

[from: the #1 hyung kookie loves most <333] what u mean kookie, u obviously knew it was me from the description!!

[to: the #1 hyung kookie loves most <333] ...i'm changing it back

[from: jimin] nooo why 3

[from: jimin] ur breaking my heart

[to: jimin] sorry hyung i don't think i can do this

[to: jimin] i'm going home

[from: jimin] ..ok, but come to the dance session 2nite? hoseok-hyung's been asking for u

[to: jimin] alright.

As soon as he gets inside his dorm room he collapses among the messy blankets on his bed. Remembering to set an alarm beforehand, he curls up into a ball and smashes his face into the pillow. Maybe if he's lucky, he'll somehow manage to suffocate himself in his sleep and never have to get up again.

When the alarm goes off a few hours later, Jungkook somehow feels even worse than before. Still, he manages to arrive at the dance studio on time, feeling groggy and unsteady. Jimin casts concerned glances at him, but doesn't actually come over to talk. Jungkook stumbles through the routine. He tries to concentrate, to draw upon that inner passion that always flares up when he dances, but today there are only burnt out embers. When it's finally over, he feels exhausted even though he's barely sweating.

Hoseok seems to be paying more attention to him than usual. Jungkook chalks it up to his terrible performance. When he's at the door, he's called back by Hoseok's voice. He trots over, prepared for a scolding.

"Yes, hyung?"

Maybe it's Jungkook's imagination, but Hoseok's eyes flick down to his wrist briefly. Jungkook self-consciously puts it behind his back, despite the wristband hiding the curly script from view. Hoseok opens his mouth, strange expression on his face that Jungkook can't place, but then seems to change his mind and just asks, "You okay, Jungkook-ah?"

"Fine, just tired."

Hoseok deflates. He ruffles Jungkook's hair. "Okay, then. Go home and get some sleep."

"Yes, hyung," Jungkook repeats mechanically, and leaves. Jimin's waiting for him.

"Want me to walk back with you?"

Jungkook scrubs the back of his hand across his eyes. "No, I'm just gonna crash as soon as I get back. Sorry."

"Hey, what are you sorry about?" Jimin gasps, hand coming up to rest over his heart. "Is this finally an apology for not treating your hyung with the love and respect he truly deserves?"

"Haha," Jungkook responds dryly, dredging up sarcasm from somewhere deep within to ease the tense line of Jimin's shoulders. "Goodnight, hyung."

"Sleep well, Jungkook-ah!" Jimin yells after him as he walks away.

Jungkook's so tired when he stumbles upstairs that he barely sees where he's walking. Fishing around for the keys to the dorm in his pocket he leans against the wall for support, but then his brain processes the sight before him and he freezes. The door to his room is ajar.

**

Yoongi is having a bad day.

Things were awkward between him and Namjoon, and he still couldn't work out a solution to how to fix that damn track. Normally, he'd ask Namjoon for another opinion and they'd discuss it until they reached a conclusion together. But today, he looked up at Namjoon's turned away profile and knew it wasn't an option. On top of that, the conversation he and Hoseok had was still rolling around in his head. Mulling over what's started to feel like a collection of failures, he only ended up more frustrated. He and Namjoon spent the time working very little and snapping at each other with increasing bite until Yoongi left early, fed up.

Now he's splayed out on top of the sofa, scrolling through fan sites. It's something of a habit. Whenever Yoongi feels down and tired, he likes to remind himself that people out there appreciate what he's trying to do, and support him to the best of their ability. Granted, some of the stuff on there is a bit creepy, but Yoongi finds most of it comforting.

He's scrolling aimlessly, smiling slightly at a sweet message addressed to him saying "Suga made me want to study music! One day I want to meet him and give him a song I've produced myself. Oppa, I love you! Fighting~!" when his eyes snag on a title. Scrolling back upward, he clicks on the thread, absentmindedly noting that it was last updated only this evening. As Yoongi scans the content he feels increasingly uneasy, and then his eyes widen in horror.

@SugaIsLove_SugaIsLife posted: hi everyone~! do u guys remember that ratchet guy that harassed Suga oppa at the last fansign?
apparently this is him... anyone know who he is?
see attached file .jpg

It's a picture of Jungkook, a bit blurry but clearly recognizable. It's the

following comments that make Yoongi's heart beat faster.

@*Mine_suga* replied: omg :00 totally know that guy!!! he's in college with my sis... jungkook, i think?

After that a bunch of people has replied, each one coming forth with more and more information about Jungkook, egged on by increasingly aggressive responses, until:

@*sugaIsMySugarxx* replied: you know some ppl say this jungkook guy wrote on suga oppa's arm to convince him they were soulmates?? he is obviously sick lol that's disgusting. like suga would have a soulmate like him.... someone should teach him a lesson. you don't mess with oppa >:(

@*sugamonster88* replied: hey, someone posted his address right? let's go there tonight and show him... u guys in???

Yoongi doesn't wait to see how many people have agreed. He's out of his apartment in ten seconds flat, tugging on shoes and snagging a jacket on the way. Yoongi hasn't driven a car in ages, too used to Seokjin chauffeuring him and Namjoon around, but now he tears out of the garage. His heartbeat is smattering in a rhythm of *pleasepleaseplease don't let anything have happened, don't let him be hurt*. Nausea swirls in his stomach.

When he's about halfway there, the steady ache that's been present inside of him ever since his last meeting with Jungkook thumps and transforms into an inferno of apprehension and fear so potent it's like a sucker punch to the gut. Yoongi doubles over the wheel from the force of it, car swerving in the lane. Some asshole behind him honks. Yoongi grits his teeth and steps on the gas because he'll be damned if he lets Jungkook get hurt because of him. He's pretty sure he runs two red lights after that, but he's *almost there* and *he needs to be there* right this very second.

Then he's out of the car and running, and he hasn't run properly since gym class in high school, what the fuck, how is he already this out of breath? He's approaching the building and he presses his legs to run faster, to take the stairs two steps at a time and he's in the hallway, he feels like he might throw up from the emotions whipping up a storm inside of him, and there's the door—

Yoongi tears into the dorm, feeling like he'll never breathe normally again.

The first thing he notices is that the room is absolutely trashed. There are feathers everywhere. They remind him of fallen snow, the comparison innocent and sinister at the same time.

In the center of the room stands Jungkook. He doesn't look hurt, and Yoongi's hit with such a tidal wave of relief that he staggers. Jungkook spins around at the noise and comes face to face with Yoongi. His eyes are wild and he's clutching a baseball bat above his head. He stares at Yoongi, all color bleached out of his skin except for two red spots high on his cheeks.

"Jungkook," Yoongi coughs out, and hangs onto the doorframe for support, desperately fighting to get his breath back.

"Oh," Jungkook says, still wide eyed, and stumbles. In a flash Yoongi is beside him, prying the bat out of Jungkook's stiff grip, gently uncurling his fingers. Yoongi thought he was too exhausted to move at a speed like that, possibly for the rest of his life, but apparently not.

"Jungkook, Jungkookie," Yoongi doesn't know why the nickname slips in but right now he doesn't care, because anything for Jungkook to stop looking like that, "You okay? Are you hurt?"

"No," Jungkook breathes, and slumps even more in Yoongi's grip. Yoongi carefully lowers them to sit on the floor. Faint tremors are running through Jungkook's entire body, and Yoongi wants to gather him up in his arms, cradle his head like he's something precious.

"Don't worry, kid," Yoongi rasps and the feelings turning his insides into a blender are gradually calming, spinning more slowly, numbing with confusion. "Jungkookie. It's okay."

"Is this real?" Jungkook asks, still not taking his eyes off of Yoongi like he might disappear if he does.

Yoongi laughs, breathless and rough, an edge of hysteria slipping in. "Yeah kid, it's me. I'm here."

Jungkook has trouble processing this situation, and exactly how he ended up in the middle of it. One moment he was finally on his way

home after this shit day, exhausted enough to be tripping over his feet and wanting nothing more than to collapse in his bed. The next he's suddenly sitting in the corridor outside the faculty offices, Suga's jacket draped over his still faintly trembling shoulders, listening to Suga's raised voice as he chews out the management for the lack of security. Jungkook can picture him even through the wall, all sharp gestures and cutting tongue. It is utterly bizarre. Jungkook's mind is too jumbled to properly react to all these quick turns anymore, eyelids drooping as he slumps back against the wall.

He pulls the jacket over his shoulders tighter around him. It's soft and warm, well worn. The whole thing is so cliché but just for this fleeting moment when he is alone, Jungkook lets himself indulge in the feeling of being safe and protected.

The corridor is empty and brightly lit. The rays emitted by the row of fluorescent lamps feel like needles stabbing at his eyeballs. Jungkook tucks his face into the jacket, inhaling deeply. A rich smell invades his nostrils, like pine forests in the autumn, with a lingering hint of cigarette smoke. It also smells painfully like a place that could be home to Jungkook. The feeling reaches in like a hook and tugs at his heart. Jungkook objectively knows it's because Suga is his soulmate, and soulmates are *supposed* to smell like home, but it still affects him, warmth curling inside his chest like a small flame. He rubs his cheek against the material.

The voices inside the office have lowered to calming murmurs, and Jungkook grows increasingly drowsy, burrowing further into the wall and burying his nose into Suga's jacket.

Then the door suddenly opens, and Suga steps out. Jungkook startles so badly he jerks upright and slams the back of his head against the wall. He squeezes his eyes shut against the dull throb of what will undoubtedly become a bruise.

If Suga has any reaction towards walking in on Jungkook practically trying to shove his jacket up his nose, he doesn't show it, just walks over and crouches down.

"So, they're all very apologetic this happened," Suga starts off, scoffing, but Jungkook is having trouble following. Being this close to Suga in combination with his fatigue is far from ideal, and the emotions blend together into a mixture that makes his head spin. "They've agreed to keeping it on the down low, but your dorm room is off-limits. You can't go back there until they've cleaned it up and

gotten someone to fix the lock.”

Jungkook thinks back on the sight that greeted him when he'd pushed open his door. His belongings strewn all over the floor, pillows cut up and mattress leaking stuffing from several long gashes, the walls covered in writing warning him to stay away from Suga, telling him next time he won't be so lucky. He gives an involuntary shudder, prompting Suga to place his palms on Jungkook's thighs. He rubs them up and down in a way that's probably meant to be calming but to Jungkook is anything but. He stares at the delicate, wobbly fingers resting on top of his legs, tingling spreading outward from the point of contact. Suga's palms are hot enough to feel like a brand even through the fabric of his sweatpants.

Suga is saying something again, but the words get hopelessly lost in the buzzing sound in Jungkook's ears.

“S-sorry?” he stammers. Suga doesn't seem to have picked up on the fact that Jungkook's attention span is hanging on by a thread. His expression is troubled, and his eyes are fixed on a spot just above and to the left of Jungkook's eyebrow.

“I'm just saying, that if you don't have a place to stay...” he mutters. Then he suddenly drags a hand down his face, groaning in defeat. “Fuck, this was a stupid idea. Ignore that, you don't have to go anywhere with me, kid.”

“No, no,” Jungkook hastens to get out, tripping over himself to get that expression off the elder's face, “I'd go anywhere with you.”

...That wasn't what he meant to say, Jungkook reflects as his cheeks heat up. For a second, Suga looks stunned. His eyes widen and his lips part, before his expressions smooths out with an amused chuckle, and god, Jungkook wants to hide.

“Anywhere, huh?” he smirks, and Jungkook can't even open his mouth in fear of embarrassing himself further. “Well, luckily for you, my place isn't that far.”

Which is how Jeon Jungkook, college student and closet fanboy, ends up crashing at Min Suga's apartment.

Chapter End Notes

dramatic kdrama ost music plays in the background so uh. what do you guys think

(also show of hands for everyone who loves hoseok)

edit: i mentioned this to one of you guys in the comments, but i'll give a heads up that i don't know if i'll be able to update in a week! so far i've mostly just been doing lighter editing since the fic is already "finished" in terms of storyline but i am unsatisfied with the current ending i have and i feel you guys deserve better than an ending i'm unhappy with... please be patient with me ;_;

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

i know i said it might take longer for me to update this time around but i still didn't think it would take THIS long.... anyway it's here now, sorry for the wait! ;;

also if this chapter had a title it would be doki doki

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It only takes about half of the car ride for Jungkook to start immensely regretting his decision to, apparently, *move in with Min Suga*. The inside of the car is so quiet that all of the sounds from the street seem amplified by ten. Suga messes with the dials on the car radio, skipping to some channel where a soft RnB song is playing. The lyrics are on the topic of soulmates. Suga turns off the radio again. Jungkook can't stop fidgeting in his seat.

By the time they reach the actual apartment Jungkook can't wait for this hellscape of a day to be over. If the nerves weren't keeping him so tightly strung, he'd be ready to pass out where he stands. Suga makes him pull his hood up and then leads him into a apartment complex that screams money. Jungkook keeps shifting his weight from foot to foot while Suga taps a code to unlock the door, and then he's being ushered inside a hallway, and further into the apartment.

Jungkook is tired, but he still makes sure to take in every surface he can lay his eyes upon because what the hell, he's in *Suga's apartment*. The interior isn't really anything special, just a lot of open space and windows overlooking the city. Everything looks stylish and blank and expensive. Jungkook wonders if Suga is the one who decorated his flat, or if he had others do it for him. The rooms lack personal touch—or rather, that lived in feeling.

Maybe Suga doesn't really live here. Maybe he has a lot of different apartments. Why would he even take Jungkook into his home in the first place? Suga doesn't know Jungkook. He doesn't even *like* him. What if he just leaves again after dumping him here?

Jungkook is brought out of his worries when they arrive at a plain door, barely managing to stumble to a stop instead of continuing to walk straight into Suga.

“You can sleep in here,” Suga gestures at the dark room inside. There’s not really anything except a bed and a lot of large windows. Jungkook hesitantly makes his way inside, clutching his bag to his chest. Under Suga’s watchful gaze, he carefully lowers himself onto the edge of the bed.

“Um, thanks, hyung.”

Suga lingers in the doorway, looking about as awkward as Jungkook feels. “Uh, well, if you need anything I’ll just be...” Suga jerks his head vaguely to the rest of the apartment, and clears his throat needlessly. “Uh. Yeah.”

Seeing Suga look uncomfortable is so weird that Jungkook almost forgets he’s feeling the same way. “Okay,” he replies softly. He trains his gaze on his feet, before he can’t help but add, “Goodnight, Suga-hyung,” shyly glancing up at him through his bangs.

Suga’s silhouette stiffens, and something akin to a grimace shows up on his face. Framed by the light from behind him, the beams reflecting on his brightly bleached hair creates the effect of a halo surrounding his head. His shadow reaches all the way to Jungkook’s feet.

“Call me Yoongi,” he says, like he isn’t giving Jungkook explicit permission to be more familiar with him than any fan should have the right to be. Then he closes the door, leaving Jungkook sitting there wide eyed on the bed, lips silently shaping around the syllables of Yoongi’s name.

Despite Jungkook being more tired than he’s been possibly in his entire life, it takes him a while to fall asleep. He keeps shifting, trying not to think about Suga, about *Yoongi*, being so close to him, just a door away. Eventually, the muted sounds of traffic from outside lull him into a heavy sleep.

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Yoongi closes the bedroom door on Jungkook, then lets out a quiet breath, and decidedly does *not* think about Jungkook on the bed looking bashful and soft, gazing up at him from under his dark eyelashes, saying *Goodnight, Suga-hyung*.

Instead he takes the only rightful course of action and calls Seokjin.

“What the hell, Yoongi,” Seokjin groans when he picks up on the eighth signal. “I know I’m your manager but I put up with you every waking hour of the day, do you not think I am entitled to my eight goddamn hours of rest—”

“Hyung,” Yoongi hisses into the phone. “Jungkook is in my apartment.”

“What?” Seokjin’s voice immediately loses that sleepy whine. “Jungkook? What do you mean he’s in your apartment?”

“I *mean*,” Yoongi talks through his gritted teeth, “that he is in my guest room right now, *sleeping*, because some fans apparently found out his address and decided to fucking *pay him a visit*.”

“Oh,” Seokjin says. “Oh shit. Is he okay?”

“Yeah, I think so,” Yoongi sighs, slumping down on a kitchen stool. “He can’t go back to his dorm though, it’s completely trashed.”

“That’s a relief,” Seokjin huffs, and Yoongi bites his lip. Then, “You took him back to *your* place?”

“Well what the fuck was I supposed to do, he was completely out of it! I thought he’d pass out on the spot!”

“Oh, Yoongi,” Seokjin croons, and there’s a world of things in his voice that Yoongi doesn’t ever want to discuss, not even under the threat of being shot in the head.

“What,” he growls.

“Nothing,” Seokjin responds cheerily. “I think this might be good for you. Well, then, see you tomorrow!”

“Hyung, don’t you fucking dare—”

Seokjin hangs up.

Seokjin’s sunny disposition early the next morning makes Yoongi want to throw his coffee in his smug face. Of course, Yoongi would never do something like that. It would be a terrible waste of precious coffee, coffee which he needs to be able to deal with all this bullshit the

universe is serving him lately.

“Tough night, Yoongi-ah?”

Maybe he needs to rethink that.

Seokjin is still his hyung though, and has too much power over the food Yoongi puts in his mouth, so Yoongi bitterly swallows the verbal abuse his mind wants to dish out and settles for a murderous glower. Namjoon looks up, bewildered.

Yoongi prays to every possible deity out there for Seokjin to keep his mouth shut, which is of course precisely why Seokjin *opens* his mouth and chirps, “Did our Jungkookie not send you off well?”

Namjoon’s jaw drops, gaze shifting from Seokjin to Yoongi. This is why he’s an atheist, Yoongi thinks sourly.

“He didn’t send me off with anything, he was *asleep*,” Yoongi grumbles. Seokjin hums in an understanding way. Yoongi’s hands itch to strangle him.

“Jungkook?” Namjoon echoes. “Isn’t that—”

“Yoongi’s soulmate? The very same person sleeping in Yoongi’s bed? Yep!”

“Do you have grudge against me, hyung?” Yoongi wonders aloud. He is ignored.

“He’s *sleeping in your bed*?” Namjoon’s eyes are huge and round, and he looks like he’s never seen Yoongi before in his entire life. “What the actual fuck hyung? Just a while ago you wouldn’t even *talk* about him, and now you’re *fucking* him?”

“I am *not*,” Yoongi’s grinds out, sharp but deadly quiet, “*Fucking*. Anyone.”

Namjoon sits back and swallows. Seokjin takes pity on him.

“Yoongi heroically rescued Jungkook from a bad situation with some angry fans yesterday. Though why he brought him home with him is anyone’s guess, really.”

“It was because his door didn’t have a functioning lock anymore,” Yoongi clips in a tone that suggests this conversation is over. Neither Namjoon or Seokjin push any further, sensing when to leave well

enough alone, but Yoongi still senses the former glancing at him from time to time as they work, eyes full of questions.

**

Jungkook regains consciousness to the buzzing of his phone and with no recollection of where he is. He instantly regrets not pulling the blinds yesterday, because the amount of sunlight streaming in through the windows is way too harsh for someone that only just returned to world of the waking. He groans miserably, and fumbles for his phone. When the screen lights up he confirms that he's missed his first lecture, and that he has about a billion texts and unanswered calls from Jimin and Taehyung.

[from: jimin] oh my god jungkook where are you

[from: jimin] have you seen your room?

[from: jimin] where the hell are you

[from: taehyung] kookie where are you? we're really worried :((pls pick up

[from: jimin] they won't tell us anything wHERE ARE YOU

[from: jimin] please answer

[from taehyung] jimin is tearing his hair out i don't think he'll look good bald pls respond

[from: taehyung] anything, just so we know you're ok

[from: jimin] i'll buy you food for a week if you just pick up

[from: jimin] JEON JUNGKOOK ANSWER YOUR FUCKIGN PHONE

[from: jimin] IF YOU'RE NOT ALREADY DEAD I'M GONNA KILL YOU

"Shit," Jungkook whispers to himself, all of yesterday slamming into him. He's in Suga's apartment. As quickly as he can, he fires off a text.

[to: jimin, taehyung] sry, im ok. need to tlk meet @brkfast place?

Immediately his phone buzzes twice in quick succession.

[from: jimin] oH MY GOD

[from: taehyung] ok, meet u there in 30?

[to: taehyung] yeah sorry

He then draws in a deep breath and slides out of bed. Still wearing yesterday's clothes and dried sweat from the dance session, he feels gross as hell.

The floor is cold under his feet as he pads over to the door. After jumping up and down a few times to psych himself up, trying not to think about a possible confrontation, Jungkook carefully slides the door open and steps out.

It's silent.

"Hello?" he calls out cautiously, and then cringes at the way his voice echoes through the empty rooms. There's no response.

Jungkook wanders into the kitchen. There's a post-it on the fridge with his name hastily scrawled on it.

*jungkook,
@the studio. will be back tonight (?). you can stay if you want. don't do
anythin weird*

It's followed by a phone number. Jungkook regards the scrap of paper, wondering what qualifies as "weird". His mind provides an image of himself pulling out all the clothes in Suga's wardrobe, piling them on top of his bed and building a nest. He flushes. *Okay, duly noted.*

Jungkook spends a full minute engaged in a staring match with the shower cabin in the bathroom, before giving up and washing off the worst in the sink. Somehow it feels like too much of an invasion of privacy, and Suga's voice echoes in his head; *don't do anythin weird*. Taking a shower probably isn't the sort of weird Suga meant, but to Jungkook the thought of showering in the same place as Suga, possibly using his shampoo and body wash, trespasses *weird* into a whole new level of intimacy he is not ready for. Besides, Jungkook tells himself, he doesn't really have time for a shower anyway.

After changing into some new clothes, he hesitates, and looks at the bag on the floor. He'd packed it yesterday with what he could salvage

from his room, and most of his belongings are in it. Coming to a decision, he leaves the bag behind on the floor. Suga said it was okay for him to stay here for the time being, right?

Jungkook feels like a thief, hood drawn up as he sneaks outside, peeking around corners. He prays not to meet any of Suga's probably also famous, or at least rich, neighbors. Luckily, he sees no one and makes it down to the street safely. There he looks around, and it dawns on him that he has no idea where he is.

Jungkook first tries googling *where does min suga live*, which in hindsight is not his brightest moment. When that proves entirely unsuccessful, he turns on the GPS on his phone. Zooming out, he sees he's in an area actually not that far from campus, but he has no idea how to get there. After another five minutes of research, he comes up with a bus stop two streets away with a line that passes by his college.

Despite his rather rapid solution, this means he arrives ten minutes late to his meet up with Jimin and Taehyung. When he finally rounds the corner of the street, he can see them waiting outside. Taehyung is pacing, and Jimin is crouching on the pavement with his head in his hands. Passersby are staring at them, but the duo doesn't even seem to notice. Jungkook's heart twinges. He remembers how scared he himself felt when he first discovered his dorm. The thought of how he slept through all his hyungs' frantic attempts to contact him sends a fresh wave of guilt through his body, and he picks up the pace. Just then Taehyung spots him.

"Jungkook-ah!"

Jungkook waves, and all hell breaks loose.

Jimin is still ranting ten minutes later, although his face has almost returned to normal colour and he doesn't need to gasp between his impossibly long sentences anymore.

"Hyung, I'm *sorry*," Jungkook tries again. "I really was asleep."

"*Asleep*, he says," Jimin grouches, pausing only to viciously tear into a scone. "This brat. Taking years off my life and he's *asleep*!"

Taehyung makes a noise of assent from where he's plastered against Jungkook's side. He hasn't let go of him once since Jungkook arrived. "Where have you been? And what happened to your room?"

Jungkook hesitates, then begins with the story of his dorm, since that's somewhat more easy to answer. When he gets to the part where Suga shows up Jimin yells, "*What?!*"

One of the waiters gives their table a nasty glare. Jimin misses it. Taehyung takes it upon himself to put a hand over Jimin's mouth for the rest of the story, which is probably just as well since it muffles a few other outbursts before Jungkook finishes, drained from talking for so long. Taehyung slowly removes his hand from Jimin's mouth.

Too soon.

"*You're staying at Min Suga's apartment?!*" Jimin shouts. Every single head in the diner turns to their table. Some of the guests are straining their necks with an air of immense curiosity.

"Hyung, *shut up!*" Jungkook hisses.

"Hey Kookie," Taehyung mutters as they all hunch over the table and try to act inconspicuous, "are you sure that's a good idea?"

Jungkook is not sure it's a good idea. In fact, he's pretty sure it's a terrible idea.

"I know," he admits, eyes downcast. "But hyung, when am I ever gonna get another opportunity like this?"

"What are you thinking?" Jimin asks.

"Maybe I could... If we could spend some time together," Jungkook's voice gets progressively weaker, so the last part comes out as an unsure mumble, "... maybe he'd not hate me anymore."

Taehyung presses closer to him in a silent gesture of support. When Jungkook chances a glance up, Jimin's wearing his gentle smile.

"Gonna wear him down, huh? Well, since you got the whole soulmate thing going on, I'd say it's *meant to be*." Taehyung snickers from next to Jungkook's ear while Jungkook himself just heaves a long-suffering sigh. Jimin grins and playfully gives Jungkook's shoulder a light shove with his fist. "Plus, he let you into his apartment, I'd say that's a good sign."

"But how can I know?" Jungkook asks, and some of the desperation clawing at his insides must bleed through because both his hyungs instantly turn serious. "How do I know he's not just..."

Taehyung pats his chest, palm coming to rest above his heart.

"Soulbond?" Jimin fills in. "Heard of it? Direct link to the other person's emotions established along with the tattoo?"

"Shut up, I *was* awake during that high school class," Jungkook grumbles, swatting at the hand.

He doesn't mention how that space underneath Taehyung's warm palm feels as empty as ever. Like there's nothing to fill it. Like there never will be.

Going to classes like nothing has happened is bizarre. Whenever Jungkook walks into a lecture he expects someone to point at him and shout about his dorm room, or worse, that someone will come up and stab him for not heeding their words and daring to sleep at Min Suga's place. But nothing happens, and as the day passes Jungkook's trepidation fades. Jungkook supposes the college is really keeping their word about not letting the situation get out. Naturally, there is some buzz since it's hard to hide a trashed dorm room when the door is broken, but no one seems to know anything of value. Jungkook doesn't get out much, never one to mingle, and so his only friends are Jimin and Taehyung. As a result, he keeps his head down and slips through the day without further incident.

His last class of the day is together with Jimin. Jimin spends the entire lecture pelting the side of Jungkook's head with notes that just say things like "i can't believe ur living at min suga's place... what's it look like", "how did he even know to show up yesterday wtf.... do u think he planned it??" and "if you steal his underwear, i bet we could sell it on the net for thousands". To which Jungkook responds with "cleaner than your dorm", "no" and nothing, because some things are not even worth giving Park Jimin the satisfaction of answering.

"Are you really gonna be okay staying with him?" Jimin asks as they're stuffing the course books into their bags at the end of the lesson. "It's the weekend now."

Jungkook shrugs, and tries not to let his anxiety show on his face. "Beats sleeping on the floor of *your* dorm."

Jimin hums, contemplating. "I bet Hoseok-hyung would let you sleep at the studio if you asked him."

“If Suga-hyung throws me out, I’ll consider it,” Jungkook answers dryly, only half-joking.

“Wow,” Jimin utters, slinging his arm over Jungkook’s shoulder, a motion that’s slightly awkward considering Jungkook is taller. “If you told me two weeks ago you’d be living with Min Suga, I’d think you’d finally snapped.”

“Yeah,” Jungkook can’t help but agree, even as he shrugs off Jimin’s arm despite his dismayed pout. “No kidding.”

“I mean,” Jimin continues, “any other fan would probably kill to be where you are right now.”

Yeah, they’d kill me, Jungkook thinks, and shivers.

Jungkook is closing in on the location of Suga’s apartment, just in the process of wondering if he should call Suga and ask when he’ll be back, when he spots a slouched figure entering the apartment complex. Jungkook throws a quick glance at his surroundings, but everyone in sight are hurrying past with distant destinations in mind. He grins wildly, breaking into a sprint. He manages to catch the door just before it clicks shuts.

“Suga-hyung!”

Suga, who is standing in front of the elevators, turns at the sound of his name being called. Jungkook skids to a stop in front of him, shoes squeaking against the floor. He doesn’t even realize he’s still smiling widely until the baffled expression on the elder’s face clues him in, and he immediately schools his features into something more neutral. “Uh, hi,” he finishes meekly.

Suga raises his eyebrows, and then snorts derisively. “It’s like having a dog,” he says. Before Jungkook has time to decide if he’s offended by that remark or not, the elevator pings and the doors slide open. Suga steps in, then tilts his head at Jungkook. “You coming?”

Jungkook scrambles to get inside before the doors close.

A thought hits Yoongi as he's unlocking the door, and he turns to Jungkook, scowling.

"Hey kid. Didn't I tell you to call me Yoongi?"

Jungkook looks thrown. "Um, yes—"

Yoongi narrows his eyes.

"Well, let's hear it then. What's my name?"

Jungkook mumbles something inaudible under his breath. Suppressing the grin that wants to surface in favour of a haughty quirk of his brow, Yoongi cups his hand around his ear, leaning closer.

"What was that?"

Jungkook gets an affronted tilt to his mouth, before drawing himself up to his full height.

"I *said*," the sentence starts out strong, but then dissolves, "it's, Y-Yoongi." He watches as Jungkook stumbles over the name, and then promptly turns cherry red.

It's not like Yoongi hasn't noticed how flustered he makes Jungkook. You'd have to be a fool not to. Taking advantage of this fact is probably an asshole thing to do. Too bad Yoongi's always been a bit of an asshole. He doesn't even need to try hard, and Jungkook's reactions are so rewarding.

This is what makes him direct a sly smile at Jungkook. "Like my name, do you?"

"Yes," Jungkook blurts, and then immediately adopts a look like he wants to slap himself. Yoongi snickers under his breath. Really, too easy.

"It's alright, I like yours too. *Jeon Jungkookie*," he drawls, drawing out the nickname teasingly, then walks off into the kitchen, silently delighting in the flustered expression on the other's face.

Throwing open the fridge, Yoongi's pleased mood fizzles out. There's not much of anything in there, reminding him he can't recall the last time he shopped for food. Actually, he can't even remember the last time he had anything except instant noodles. He grimaces at the

thought. Take out it is.

“Jungkook!”, he calls out, and the other comes shuffling out of the hallway. What was it that file Seokjin compiled said... *anything with flour*? “How do you feel about pizza?”

“Uh, it’s fine,” Jungkook answers. “Hyung, can I... borrow your shower?”

“Sure, whatever, go ahead,” Yoongi waves his hand dismissively, already dialing the number for the restaurant, almost missing Jungkook’s soft thanks as he slips down the hall.

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Jungkook shuts the bathroom door, and immediately slumps against it, hands coming up to cover his flushed cheeks. *Jesus Christ, get a grip, Jeon Jungkook.*

Jeon Jungkookie, his mind repeats, in Suga’s, no, *Yoongi’s*, teasing voice. Jungkook whines low in his throat. Staying here was such a bad idea. He’s not gonna last an hour, much less an entire weekend.

He repeats the scene in his head, complete with the mischievous spark lighting up Yoongi’s eyes, and it’s ridiculous, the way it makes his stomach swoop. Honestly, Jungkook had halfway managed to convince himself that Yoongi asking to be called Yoongi was actually a hallucination or a dream, conjured up by his desperate and sleep-deprived subconscious.

In reminding him, Yoongi looked downright devilish and so handsome it makes Jungkook dizzy. When he grinned like that, all gums and satisfaction, Jungkook wanted to reach out. Run his fingertips down the curve of his cheek, feel the flutter of his eyelashes, taste his smile. Or even more, for Yoongi to touch *him*, with those bony fingers and warm hands—Yoongi is on the other side of this door right now. Jungkook really needs to pull himself together.

He doesn’t like you, he reminds himself, and it effectively puts a stop to the warm, giddy feeling bubbling up inside of him. *He doesn’t like you*, he thinks with every article of clothing he removes. *He’s just letting you stay here out of pity, or some sort of twisted responsibility. Don’t go get*

excited over nothing all by yourself.

He turns on the shower and steps inside, mood having plummeted to his ankles. Resting his head against the wall, he lets the water pour down over him, washing away the last remnants of happiness and pulling them down the drain. Then he straightens out and starts reading on the bottles, looking for shampoo.

Carefully massaging the foam into his hair, he hums along to the song accompanying their current dance routine. The melody is easy to recreate, and he lets his voice carry throughout the chorus, humming the verses where he's unsure of the lyrics. By the time Jungkook shuts off the shower again, he feels a bit more spirited. Toweling himself dry, he pulls on his clothes, grimacing at the way the moist air causes the fabric to cling to his skin. However, the only other option is going out there in nothing but a towel, and there's no way that's going to happen, so he'll just endure it.

Stomach growling impatiently at the thought of food, he opens the bathroom door—and slams straight into Yoongi, who is standing right outside.

Yoongi stumbles backward, and Jungkook hastily grabs his wrist to steady him. A spark of pure electricity jumpstarts through his body, and then picks back up like the steady humming of a current. By the way Yoongi tenses, Jungkook thinks he feels it too. Yoongi's gaze darts from a point near the dip of his throat and back up at his face. Jungkook realizes with a start that he is actually taller, because at this distance, Yoongi has to tilt his head up the slightest amount to meet Jungkook's gaze.

There's a tense moment before Jungkook lets go of Yoongi. The humming abruptly cuts off. As Yoongi's wrist drops there's a flash of dark script, and Jungkook's heart rate jumps because it's the one with his own words inscribed. His body instinctively tries to drop into bowing in apology, but the space is too restricted, so he ends up with a weird jerk of his head.

“Sorry, hyung, I'm really—”

“You were singing,” Yoongi interrupts, and his gaze is piercing. Jungkook feels like all the other times Yoongi has looked at him, he's been partially seeing through him, or been distracted by some surrounding occurrence. But now, for the first time, Jungkook has Yoongi's undivided attention, and it makes his hair stand on end. “In

the shower.”

Jungkook’s stomach drops like a stone. “I’m sorry, I—”

“No, stop apologizing, you were good,” Yoongi snaps impatiently. He pauses, lets out a soft sigh that Jungkook can *feel* wash over his cheeks, trailing heat in its wake. “*Really* good, actually. Jungkook, you sounded *amazing*,” Yoongi’s chocolate brown eyes are wide and now that Jungkook looks closer, there’s something awed in his slow blinking, about the tilt of his mouth. Which means Jungkook is looking at Yoongi’s lips, and they’re pink and parted and a little wet, and Jungkook flicks his gaze up to Yoongi’s eyes again, and Yoongi is suddenly so close that Jungkook can count his eyelashes tangling together. Yoongi seems to realize at the same time Jungkook stops breathing entirely, because he flinches back.

Jungkook takes the opening to squeak “Thanks, hyung” before fleeing down the hall.

**

Yoongi stands alone in the hall as Jungkook disappears into his room, still holding his phone uselessly in his hand. *What the hell?* He rubs at his wrist, that’s still tingling with the warmth of Jungkook’s fingers wrapped around it.

Yoongi feels like he’s just been plunged into a frozen lake. Just recently, he had no plans of allowing Jungkook to get close to him. And now all of a sudden, he’s sharing his home with him. One of his *fans*. *Voluntarily*. When he promised himself he wouldn’t make that particular mistake ever again.

The weight of what he’s been getting into dawns on Yoongi. He doesn’t even *like* human contact. Social interaction either bores or exhausts him, so why is he sharing his space with Jungkook, who is on top of everything the person he swore to stay away from?

But being with Jungkook doesn’t feel like *sharing* space. Young isn’t going out of his way to make room for Jungkook. It’s the way Jungkook just effortlessly slips into places Yoongi didn’t even realize were vacant, like he belongs there. Yoongi thinks about Jungkook shouting his name and coming towards him with that ridiculously

bright smile, looking happier to see him than Yoongi can recall any other person being in his life. Yoongi knows he's not that fun to be around, often too blunt and uninterested in whatever social cues he's expected to follow, but Jungkook had looked like there wasn't a single person in the entire world he'd rather see than Yoongi.

The worst part of it, Yoongi muses with a twinge of guilt, is that he's not deserving of it. So far, Yoongi has been awkward and teasing at best, and downright hostile at worst. He's giving Jungkook no reason to wear that expression around him, cheeks rounding and eyes scrunching up in happiness. Although Jungkook dropped it fairly quickly after he realized Yoongi was staring. Yoongi felt both disappointed and strangely relieved by that, since he's not sure what longer exposure to that fucking adorable bunny-toothed smile would do to him.

Isn't it ironic, Yoongi reflects wryly, how worried Yoongi was that Jungkook was going to fuck him over. So far, Yoongi has done a great job of that all on his own.

The doorbell chimes.

The rest of the evening is painfully tense. Yoongi's wrist won't stop fucking *tingling*, no matter how forcibly he rubs at the skin. Without Yoongi initiating some kind of conversation, Jungkook seems too nervous to speak up. Their only exchange is Yoongi yelling for Jungkook to come eat if he wants, and then promptly burying himself in work on the sofa. Jungkook emerges from his side of the apartment, palms nervously smoothing down the fabric of his jeans over thighs that Yoongi absolutely isn't spending more time thinking about than necessary. Jungkook's skin is still flushed from the heat of his shower. When he passes by Yoongi gets a whiff of the scent of his body wash lingering in the air around Jungkook, and fuck everything, really. Yoongi only realizes he's glaring at Jungkook's hair, silky dark strands only just starting to dry, falling softly over Jungkook's forehead, when Jungkook's fingers come up to tug at it self-consciously.

The silence gets so oppressive that Yoongi turns on the television. He's not paying too much attention to which channel, so it isn't until he hears a familiar beat that he looks up. He and Namjoon are on screen, performing one of their songs. It's nothing he hasn't seen before, so he's about to go back to his work when he catches sight of Jungkook in the corner of his eye.

Jungkook is situated at the other end of the sofa, knees drawn up. His rapt attention is on the television, eyes silently following the motions. The flickering light from the television is illuminating his features. Not for the first time, Yoongi wishes he could see what he sees, not just feel what he feels, to know the reason behind it and not just the reaction. That he could pry open his head and take a look inside.

Jungkook must sense his stare, because he turns his head so their eyes meet. His breath seems to stutter, but he holds Yoongi's eyes, not looking away like Yoongi thought he might. The part of his face turned away from the screen is shadowed. The apartment is silent and dark, and the noise of the television melts away.

Yoongi feels as if the concept of time loses meaning. Objectively, he knows that the clock is still ticking. The cars outside are still sluggishly moving forward in their lanes, red lights glowing in the dark, flowing down the streets like syrup. It just doesn't seem to matter.

"Yoongi-hyung," Jungkook whispers. He looks two parts reverent and one part afraid, like the moment is a frightened animal ready to bolt.

"Jeon Jungkook," Yoongi acknowledges with a tilt of his head, just as lowly, eyes not straying.

"I can't think when you look at me like that," Jungkook breathes huffily. Yoongi's lips can't help but to tilt up in a halfway smirk. He doesn't miss the way Jungkook's eyes flick to his lips.

"Sorry," he says, not feeling very sorry at all. "I was just wondering. What it is that you like."

"Um." Jungkook's eyes are very wide. "About...?"

"About me," Yoongi clarifies. His skin itches, and he struggles to keep his face impassive.

Jungkook doesn't blush, or stutter like Yoongi expects. Instead he just looks down briefly as if to gather himself, before speaking. "There's this video on the internet. Of you and Rap Monster-hyung, in the studio. After you reached a new sales goal on your album." Yoongi knows which video he means. It was something recorded on Seokjin's phone, late night in the studio when both he and Namjoon were exhausted, but too hyped up on energy drinks and coffee to go home and sleep.

“You two were having a rap battle,” Jungkook continues, and Yoongi grins at the memory. “Your accent was really obvious. You were really good, but you just looked... I guess I just thought ‘Wow, this hyung is really cool, I want to hang out with him.’” Jungkook flicks his gaze up at Yoongi uncertainly, and now he’s blushing.

“You wanted to hang out with me, huh?” Yoongi raises his eyebrows. “Well now you are, so what’s the verdict? Appalled by my crumbling image? Gonna look for a new idol?”

“Yes,” Jungkook says gravely. “I’m not sure I can respect anyone who wants pineapple on their pizza.”

Yoongi’s laugh is punched out of him, sharp and short, taken aback by Jungkook’s nerve. “Damn kid,” he chortles. “Where’ve you been hiding that all this time?”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Jungkook smiles innocently, eyes gleaming. Yoongi just shakes his head in disbelief.

The atmosphere loosens up after that. Yoongi goes back to working, and Jungkook resumes watching the program, occasionally reacting to things by letting out small noises. It should bother Yoongi, but instead it feels strangely domestic. Losing himself in concentration, Yoongi isn’t sure how much time has passed when there’s a soft sound of fabric sliding against the upholstery, followed by a light thump.

Jungkook has fallen asleep. The fall has brought him closer to the middle, his head resting on the cushion next to Yoongi. His cellphone is clutched loosely in his hand, display dark, tucked in against his chest. Grabbing a nearby blanket, Yoongi spreads it out over Jungkook’s sleeping form. Jungkook snuffles a bit in his sleep, but doesn’t wake. Yoongi has to bite down on his knuckles because how the *fuck* can anyone be that cute.

Yoongi intends to return to his work once again after turning off the television, but somehow he’s feeling more and more drowsy. He thinks absently that it must be the pull over the bond from Jungkook sleeping, and yawns. He’ll just finish this one thing first, before going to bed...

Jungkook dreams of pine forests. The sunlight is streaming through the canopy, warming him all the way through. Yoongi is there too, eyes turning into crescent moons. In the soft, golden light he looks ethereal, and his eyes are liquid with warmth. He looks like all Jungkook has ever wanted, like home and safety. Jungkook smiles, content, and opens his eyes.

There's someone breathing hotly on his neck. The scent like home is still lingering in the air, wrapping around him. Jungkook goes rigid in approximately zero point two seconds.

Yoongi must've fallen asleep sitting up. In the reflection on the black TV screen, he can see Yoongi's body slumped down over Jungkook, head resting on what must be Jungkook's shoulder.

There's nothing but white noise in his head. Then Yoongi stirs, turning his head, replacing the breath on his neck with something soft. Jungkook's teeth clamp down on his bottom lip, but a tiny noise still escapes his throat because *Yoongi's lips are on his neck*.

Yoongi groans, and nuzzles into Jungkook's shoulder. Jungkook's pretty sure his heart actually flies out of his chest.

"What the fuck, it's way too early for this shit," Yoongi's voice is rough and a whole octave lower than usual and wow, Jungkook needs to leave *right now*. He presses his burning face into the cushions. His words come out muffled.

"Yoongi-hyung?" Yoongi hums. Jungkook's voice only shakes a little which is his biggest accomplishment to date, no matter what his teachers say. "I need to go to the bathroom." Yoongi grumbles, but lets up when Jungkook slides his body out from under his head. Jungkook stumbles before righting himself, and walks on his shaky legs to the bathroom, where he proceeds to, very quietly, have a minor breakdown.

Chapter End Notes

once again, i'm really blown away by how many people that seem to like this fic! your kudos and comments make me so happy ;; please talk to me, i thrive off your attention like a sunflower under the sun <3

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

i was gonna offer that you guys could punch me in the face for not updating even when i said i would, but then again, if more than 600 people (????? where do u all come from omg) punched me i'd probably die so... i'm sorry for taking so long!!! OTL real life kept getting in my way :((

anyway there's not that much left now! next chapter will probably be the last?? i say probably bc i haven't even written all of those scenes yet lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It takes Yoongi two cups of coffee before he's awake enough to realize that he and Jungkook cuddling on the sofa in their sleep was a thing that happened. Huh. No wonder the kid seemed so freaked out all morning.

He looks over at Jungkook, who is mixing his coffee with chocolate milk and honey with a concentrated look on his face, and holds back a snort. Well, it's a bit late for him to react to that shit now, and besides Jungkook seems to be doing that enough for the both of them. The influx of distressed emotion from Jungkook's end of the bond is making his heartbeat uneven, and Yoongi absentmindedly rubs the heel of his palm over his breastbone. Yoongi notices the carton of milk is trembling faintly in Jungkook's grip. Resting his cheek in his palm, Yoongi puts weight on his elbow and considers the boy on the other side of the table.

Truthfully, he doesn't even know that much about Jungkook. He's painfully cute, and annoyingly tall someone four years younger. His voice is like a fucking *angel's*, he dances well enough to get genuine praise from Hoseok, and he bites his lower lip a lot. When he smiles his cheeks bunch up and his nose crinkles, he wears that one white t-shirt all the time, and apparently he can't stand the taste of bitter coffee.

Yoongi thinks of Jungkook blushing, gnawing on his lip, his round eyes like those of a skittish fawn. His expression on the night his dorm was destroyed, pale and terrified. Of him smiling mischievously in the dim white light of the television in a dark room. His parted lips and

flushed skin after showering, water droplets decorating his collarbones, his hair soft and wet, smelling like Yoongi.

Hoseok's voice echoes in his head. *You can't even make one exception? For your own soulmate?*

True, he doesn't know that much about Jungkook yet. But Yoongi is starting to realize he might want to, and, well. One way to find out.

Jungkook looks up from his cup.

"So," Yoongi asks. "Any plans for today?"

"Uh," Jungkook says, spoon hanging from his mouth. "Not really..." Then he hesitantly adds, "Since I've been missing a lot of dance lessons lately, my hyungs have agreed to help me catch up on choreography."

"Ah, right, you're a dancer," Yoongi hums noncommittally. Jungkook nods. Yoongi smirks at his unsuspecting face, before adding nonchalantly, "Well, give Hoseok my best."

It's worth it only for the double take Jungkook does just as he's about to agree, jaw dropping. Yoongi hides his snickering behind the coffee mug, taking a smug sip.

"You.. you know Hoseok-hyung?!" Jungkook bursts out, the shock making him forget all apprehension.

"Yup, since high school," Yoongi playfully grimaces. "Couldn't get rid of him after that."

Jungkook is still staring at him like Yoongi has just told him the Easter bunny is actually real and none other than Yoongi himself. Yoongi raises his eyebrows in amusement, staring back.

"I can't believe he never said anything," Jungkook mumbles, wide-eyed.

"Well, would you have believed him?" Yoongi challenges.

"...Probably not," Jungkook amends, absentmindedly drawing shapes on the tabletop with his index finger. "Hoseok-hyung's a bit..."

"Overexcitable? Overzealous? Over the top? A bit of an idiot?" Yoongi suggests.

“Well, I wasn’t gonna say that...”

Yoongi grins at him.

“Do you wanna come?” Jungkook suddenly asks, looking stunned by his own casual question. Before Yoongi can open his mouth, Jungkook hastily adds, “It’ll only be Hoseok-hyung and Jimin-hyung! He’s my friend, he already knows about, um, us.” As if on cue, he bites his lip, looking like he’s about to tell Yoongi to forget all about it in a second.

“Alright,” Yoongi agrees easily. “I’ll go with you.” Then, because he wouldn’t be Yoongi if he didn’t, he tacks on a teasing, “He knows about *us*, huh?”

Jungkook switches from relieved to mortified in two seconds flat.

Coming here was a bad idea, Yoongi reflects from his position at the edge of the room. Jungkook really is talented. He’s also very passionate, just like Hoseok had told him. Yoongi should’ve payed more attention to that part.

They’ve been here barely twenty minutes, and Jungkook’s honeyed skin is glistening underneath the studio spotlights. He is already sweating through his white shirt, the fabric clinging to his frame as he rolls his hips over and over. Yoongi feels a bit scandalized. Is this how the kids dance nowadays? Still, he doesn’t take his eyes off Jungkook for the entire duration of the routine.

When they showed up at the door, the first thing Hoseok did was to gasp and take Yoongi’s face in his hands. “Yoongi-hyung!” he screeched. “Is that truly you! Out of bed before 12 AM on a Saturday! Are you dying?!” Then in the middle of pinching Yoongi’s scowling cheeks, he spotted Jungkook standing behind him, gaping.

“Kookie! How come you’re arriving with this grump?”

“Uh,” Jungkook stuttered, glancing at Yoongi.

“He’s staying with me,” Yoongi cut in, glaring at Hoseok hanging off Jungkook’s neck. Jungkook seemed very flustered, gaze darting back and forth between the two. Hoseok’s lip curled in a sly way that caused Yoongi to narrow his eyes. “Now shove off,” he added.

“Sorry,” Hoseok sing-songed, not sounding apologetic in the least. He

came back to wind his arms around Yoongi instead. Yoongi mustered a glare, that was probably somewhat ruined by the smile he felt tug at the corner of his mouth.

“Not a day goes by where I don’t regret being friends with you.”

“Aha, so you do admit we’re friends! Aw, you secretly love me, don’t you hyung?” Hoseok grinned at him, fringe falling into his eyes.

“Why did you ignore every other part of that sentence.”

“It’s alright hyung, I love you too!” Hoseok dragged him into the actual studio, Jungkook trailing behind. An unfamiliar guy was seated on the floor stretching. He looked up when they came through the door, then did a double take, eyes sticking to Yoongi. Yoongi figured he must be the Jimin The Friend, and greeted him with a tilt of his head. The guy nodded back, ruining the laid-back effect by looking rather shocked, and Yoongi restrained a smirk. Then Jimin’s gaze traveled behind Yoongi, and he brightened considerably.

“Jeon Jungkook, you bad kid!” he yelled, startling Yoongi who was not prepared for the abrupt change in volume. “Ignoring my texts and going off to live with another man!” He scrambled up from his position from the floor and crossed his arms. “What do you have say for yourself!”

“Hyung...” came Jungkook’s voice, sounding extraordinarily embarrassed. “Please shut up...”

Jimin did so only after clinging to Jungkook and whining some more. It made Yoongi bristle. Why was everyone hanging off everyone all the time? What happened to keeping your damn hands to yourself? Jungkook looking like he regretted his entire existence only cheered him up moderately.

Yoongi is yanked out of his reminiscing by an apparent water break. Jungkook comes ambling over, dripping of sweat. Yoongi silently extends his water bottle. Jungkook eyes it with faint surprise before taking it with a tentative smile. His bangs are plastered to his forehead.

“Thanks hyung.” The sweat is pearling along his temples.

“Whatever,” Yoongi mutters, looking away and feeling heat creep up his neck. “Don’t come close to me, you’re really gross.”

Hoseok snorts into his water bottle. Yoongi glares at him. Hoseok wiggles his eyebrows in a way that says he's laughing his ass off on the inside. Yoongi growls threateningly. Jungkook looks exceedingly confused by their silent communication, until he is waved to the other side of the room by Jimin. Yoongi watches him go until Hoseok slides down next to him.

"So," Hoseok says, prompting Yoongi to look away from Jungkook and at him instead. "Living together?"

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"Okay, spill," Jimin demands as soon as Jungkook comes over, yanking him down to sit next to him on the floor. "What's happening between you two? And why is he *here*?"

Jungkook glances over to where Yoongi is engrossed in a conversation with Hoseok. "Can you believe Hoseok-hyung never told me he was friends with Yoongi-hyung since high school?" he scowls.

"What?" Jimin says. "No, wait, I don't care about that. Figures Hoseok-hyung's charm would extend to celebrities. Or, *oooh*, hold on, do you think he knows Taeyang as well?" Jimin gazes hopefully at him, gnawing on his lip.

Jungkook levels a blank stare at him.

"What? It was worth asking," Jimin pouts, deflating. Then he perks up again. "So, has he explained himself yet?" At Jungkook's uncomprehending look he prompts, "The weird hot and cold routine? Ditching you and then suddenly letting you live with him?"

"Um," Jungkook mumbles, picking at a loose thread in his sweatpants. "We haven't really. Talked about it."

Jimin gapes. "What do you mean *you haven't talked about it*?"

"Well what was I supposed to say then?" Jungkook hisses back. "'Hey hyung, remember that one time you totally rejected me as your soulmate and then fucked off leaving me thinking I'd never see you again? What was all that about?'" Seems like a really great idea to remind the person that's currently letting me stay in their apartment

that they hate me!” He’s breathing heavily by the end of it. Jimin looks a bit rebuffed.

“Hey, I didn’t mean it like that Kookie... calm down alright?” He pats him on the arm, a bit awkwardly. “But since you guys are actually soulmates... shouldn’t you be able to tell what he feels? You even live together now.”

Ice creeps through Jungkook’s veins, like a spider web of frost starting in his fingertips and numbing its way into the center of his heart.

“No,” he admits, eyes downcast, and to say it out loud makes his stomach lurch. Under the overhead spotlights the floor is very shiny, causing every notch and indentation to stand out more clearly. “I can’t tell, because there’s *nothing*.”

“...Maybe you just haven’t been paying attention,” Jimin offers, although he sounds a little unsure.

“Or maybe,” Jungkook says bitterly, “it’s because he doesn’t care enough to feel a single thing for me to pay attention to.”

Jimin’s knee nudges gently against his own, and Jungkook tears his gaze from the floorboards. “I don’t think that’s true. He was staring at you the entire time we were dancing.”

Jungkook furrows his brow. “What?”

“Man, you didn’t notice? He was totally checking you out!”

Jungkook flushes, almost out of habit by now. It does nothing to thaw the arctic landscape inside him. He darts a glance over to where Yoongi’s still discussing something with Hoseok. “Stop kidding around. He probably just liked the choreography.”

Jimin raises his eyebrows in disbelief. “Suuure... the *choreography*. Is that what the kids call it these days?”

“It’s not funny, hyung,” Jungkook says quietly, biting his lip. The hand clenching around his heart is back. “He definitely doesn’t like me. The only reason he’s letting me stay with him is because he feels bad about making me sleep in the street.”

“Alright,” Jimin concedes, sounding unconvinced. “I still think you’re wrong though.” Then his doubtful expression morphs into an impish grin that has Jungkook eyeing him warily. “Hey, should I show him

that video of you and TaeTae lip-syncing to *part 3: killer?*”

Jungkook’s jaw drops in horror. “You said you deleted that!”

“Well, I lied,” Jimin sticks his tongue out. He makes a move to get up, and Jungkook flings himself at him, tackling the both of them to the floor. Jimin let’s out an *oof*, Jungkook grappling for his phone.

“Hand it over, hyung,” he growls.

“No way,” Jimin squirms, before his eyes light up with mischief. The next second, he digs his fingers into Jungkook’s ribs. The boy on top of him freezes.

“Don’t you dare—”

“Dare what, Jungkookie?” Jimin smirks, tickling Jungkook until he’s a quivering mess, switching their positions so that he is on top of the laughing boy.

“Stop,” Jungkook gasps out between breathless giggling, “I’m gonna, *haah*, k-kill you—”

“Hey kids,” Hoseok yells from the other side of the room. Jimin finally stops tickling Jungkook, who flops down on the floor, panting. “Stop fooling around, break’s over!” He sounds amused.

Jungkook lolls his head to the side. Hoseok is standing up again, Yoongi sitting against the wall at his feet, legs crossed. His face is unreadable. Jungkook swallows.

Surprisingly, the rest of the weekend passes without much incident. Jungkook ends up spending most of Sunday hanging out with Taehyung and Jimin, since he had promised them to go watch some new space movie Taehyung had been raving about. After the movie, which was way too confusing for Jungkook, full of wormholes and time travel and weird looking aliens, but had Taehyung so starry eyed there were practically entire galaxies in his gaze, they relocate to a fast food restaurant. Taehyung throws a french fry at Jimin when he questions some of the more intricate plot points in the movie, which naturally has their table dissolving into an all out food war that ends abruptly when they’re thrown out.

They don’t mention Yoongi or Jungkook’s current living arrangements

once, and for the first time since that fansign, Jungkook feels steady and not like the ground is about to crumble underneath him at any time. His cheeks ache from smiling. When he stumbles into Yoongi's apartment, covered in ketchup and sticky soda, the other perks a brow, but doesn't say anything other than "You better change out of those clothes before you go anywhere near my furniture."

"Yes, Yoongi-hyung," Jungkook grins obediently, still so relaxed from his outing that he barely reacts to the way Yoongi looks in the warm lamplight, soft and drowsy, oversized sweater slipping and showing off his pale collarbone.

Then the week starts off again, and suddenly Yoongi disappears like he's been spirited away. On Monday morning Jungkook wakes to an empty apartment, not as much as a note. He doesn't think anything of it then, since Yoongi keeps other hours than him. When he gets back from campus, however, there's still no sign of Yoongi. Luckily, he got the key-combination off Yoongi last night, so after dawdling around in the street and attracting suspicious glances, he lets himself in. As he toes off his shoes, he tries not to think too hard about the silence in the apartment, or how the air seems to hang still and suspended.

Granted, Monday is a bit of a slow day for Jungkook since he doesn't have classes the entire day, but he still feels uncomfortable wandering around Yoongi's apartment alone, surrounded by his belongings.

By the time it gets dark Yoongi still isn't home. Jungkook is pacing back and forth in the hallway, ready to fling himself on the sofa and play it cool at the first sound of the door being unlocked, but it never comes. Disgruntled, he makes some cup noodles and eats them standing by the kitchen island. The apartment is so quiet that the constant ticking from the clock on the wall is driving him crazy. Jungkook gives up and goes to bed.

The next day when he's getting up early for a morning class, Jungkook runs into Yoongi in the kitchen. Yoongi's eyelids are drooping, his complexion pasty and exhausted, slumped against the coffee machine. He doesn't look like he's slept. Jungkook wonders if he's been out all night.

"Morning, hyung," he mumbles, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

It looks like it takes a massive amount of effort just for Yoongi to raise his head. "Ah, Jungkook-ah," he says, sending a tingle down Jungkook's spine. "You're up early." His voice sounds like it's being

dragged over gravel.

Jungkook grumbles something about an early class, and then his toast pops up. Yoongi hands him the first cup of coffee and Jungkook downs half of it in one go, despite the fact that the temperature is only just below scalding, grimacing at the taste. He hands the cup back to Yoongi, wiping his lips with the back of his hand. "Thanks, Yoongi-hyung," he mutters around the toast hanging from his mouth, stepping into his shoes and throwing his bag over his shoulder.

"Study hard," Yoongi calls out after him before the door shuts.

Wednesday, Jungkook doesn't see Yoongi at all. When he dares a peek into Yoongi's bedroom, feet firmly planted behind the threshold because anything else would feel like a breach of privacy, the sheets are messed up like someone slept there. The blinds are pulled, shrouding the room in darkness even though the sun hasn't gone down yet, and there's no sign of Yoongi. Then again, Jungkook doesn't know how often Yoongi bothers to actually make his bed after sleeping in it. He doesn't seem the type.

The silence is like a tangible presence, and it picks at the edges of Jungkook's mind until his thoughts feel raw. He plugs his phone into Yoongi's impressive hifi speaker system, and plays music so loudly it's a wonder the neighbours don't come knocking. Jungkook slides down the hallways on his socks. He walks around on his hands until it feels like his head is about to explode from the blood rushing to his brain. He's practically daring Yoongi to walk in on him in the midst of his aggressive Linkin Park lip syncing, embarrassing air guitar playing and overexcitable jumping to boot. But by the time Jungkook collapses in a panting heap on the shiny hardwood floor, Yoongi still hasn't come home.

By Thursday Jungkook has taken to studying in the library to avoid having to come home to an empty flat. Jimin joins him, despite whining the entire time about how boring the library is and doodling on the table when the librarian isn't looking. Jungkook honestly makes an effort to concentrate, but the thoughts are swirling in his head and he slams his textbook shut, dropping his head on top of it.

"He's avoiding me," he mumbles into the cover.

"Suga-hyung?" Jimin wonders. He's abandoned the doodling and produced a bag of salty snacks, throwing peanuts high in the air and catching them with his mouth. "Nah, he's probably just busy."

“With what?” Jungkook asks, feeling like a petulant grade schooler and hating himself for it.

“Celebrity stuff?” Jimin suggests. “He’s probably in the studio recording.”

Deep down Jungkook knows that what Jimin just said makes sense, but there’s a more insistent part that he can’t shake, saying it’s because Jungkook is in his house. He dunks his head against the top of the book.

“He didn’t even come home last night.”

“I’m telling you, it’s not your fault he’s a workaholic,” Jimin says, absentmindedly patting his head. Jungkook shakes him off, agitated. “Stop beating yourself up over it.”

And that’s nice of him to say and all, but ever since Jimin brought up that meeting at the café, Jungkook can’t stop thinking about it. He’ll sit at home staring at the clock, hearing Yoongi’s voice saying “*We’re what?*” in that freezing tone. More and more, he’s starting to question this whole thing. He’s nothing but an annoyance to Yoongi. When Yoongi offered to let Jungkook stay with him, didn’t he retract his offer immediately afterwards? Told Jungkook to forget about it? But of course Jungkook latched onto it, forced Yoongi to let him into his home, like a pathetic, obsessed fan.

On Friday afternoon, Jungkook gets a call from management. His dorm room is fixed, he can move back in starting next week. Jungkook hangs up feeling numb. Well, this is it. Yoongi will finally be rid of him, and they’ll probably never see each other again. Everything will go back to how it was before. Yoongi will stop being Yoongi and start being Suga again, famous and untouchable, miles out of Jungkook’s reach. And Jungkook will go back to being Jungkook the miserable fanboy. Just the thought of being back in the dark in front of his computer, watching video after video of Yoongi smiling, laughing, and knowing this is as close as he’ll ever get, is like a stab in the gut. Flashing before his eyes is Yoongi curled on the couch with his battered notebook, brow furrowed and tongue peeking out, Yoongi glaring at Hoseok hanging off his shoulders, Yoongi raising his eyebrows with an amused smile tugging at his lips, Yoongi, Yoongi, *Yoongi*. Jungkook blinks to soothe the stinging behind his eyes.

It’s okay. Once he moves out, Yoongi can finally come home again and sleep properly. Jungkook tells himself this as he crawls into bed,

pressing his face into the pillow. *It's okay*, he thinks even as his throat aches and the fabric under his eyes turns moist. It's okay, because Yoongi will be happy.

As soon as he gets out of bed the next morning, Jungkook starts to collect his things. It's no use dragging it out, he shouldn't bother Yoongi anymore. His toothbrush on the sink in the bathroom, his hoodie slung over the back of a chair, his Timberlands tangled with Yoongi's beat up Converse in the hallway. Jungkook spends some time marveling at how many of his things have managed to find themselves unto the floor of the bedroom in such a short amount of time. Lastly, he makes the bed as well as he can, and then stands there staring at a corner of the smoothed out comforter.

Yoongi still isn't home. Jungkook should at least tell him he's leaving, so Yoongi knows it's okay to come home again. He takes out his phone and brings up his contacts. *Suga-hyung*, the number is timidly named. Jungkook changes it to *Yoongi*. It's not like it matters anyway because Yoongi will probably never contact him again after this, but Jungkook would like to cling to this familiarity, if only for his own sake. He remembers how he stared at the contact when he first put it in, unable to believe this was actually real life. Part of him wanted to brag about it on every single social media platform he's part of. *I'm the guy Min Suga gave his phone number to.*

Jungkook dials the number, and bites down on his lip as the signals echo, one after another. Yoongi isn't picking up. Jungkook scowls fiercely to distract himself from his stomach turning itself inside out. Is Yoongi sick of him to the point where he can't even bring himself to pick up when Jungkook calls?

He tries again, and then again. No answer. Jungkook is about to give up when he remembers that manager who called him once. Jungkook never bothered to save the number, but there it sits in his call log.

Seokjin picks up on the third ring.

"Hello, this is Kim Seokjin!"

"Hi," Jungkook stutters. "It's Jungkook, I don't know if you—"

"Jungkook!", Seokjin exclaims, sounding surprised but not unhappy. "Of course I remember! Why are you calling?"

Jungkook decides straightforward is the way to go. “Um, do you know where Yoongi-hyung is? I tried calling him, but he didn’t pick up...”

“Ah yeah, he’ll do that,” Seokjin chuckles over the line. “He and Namjoon have been practically living in the studio this past week... It’s impossible to stop them when they get in the zone. You’ll have to come over, I’ll give you the address.”

“No, that’s—” Jungkook starts but Seokjin is already rattling off an address and Jungkook fumbles for a pen.

“—just tell them that you’re Jungkook and I sent you, and they’ll let you in!” Seokjin finishes cheerily. “See you soon!”

“See ya,” Jungkook gets out and then stares at his phone as Seokjin hangs up.

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When the studio door creaks open Yoongi doesn’t look up, thinking it’s Namjoon returning from fetching that drink he was talking about. However, the only sound is that of shoes shuffling against the floor, and no Namjoon drops into the chair next to him. Yoongi frowns and glances up.

Jungkook is standing just past the doorway, biting his lip. Yoongi’s gaze is drawn to the flash of white teeth, transfixed by the way they’re digging into Jungkook’s plump bottom lip. He blinks, before shaking his head once to dissolve the thoughts stagnating in his tired mind.

“Jungkook?” he asks. “What are you doing here?” The boy drags the sole of his shoe against the floor.

“I called your manager and he said I should come here,” Jungkook offers, taking a few hesitant steps into the room, eyes flying from the controls to the small table littered with empty bags of chips and noodle cups. “I—”, he cuts off, gaze locking on something above Yoongi’s eyes. “Is that my beanie?”

“What?” Yoongi drags off the soft hat on top of his head and looks at it. The fabric is a dark shade of red that is, when he thinks about it, not familiar. “Actually, might be. Sorry?”

“No, it’s okay,” Jungkook hastens to get out. “I like it,” he admits quietly, cheeks colouring. Yoongi opens his mouth, not entirely sure what he’s about to answer. He doesn’t find out, because just then Namjoon appears in the doorway behind Jungkook.

“Who—” he begins, a frown creasing his brow, and Jungkook turns toward the sound. “Oh. Jungkook, right?”

Jungkook looks starstruck, mouth open and eyes huge. Namjoon sticks out his hand. “Kim Namjoon,” he says, smiling charmingly at Jungkook, dimples deepening. “Call me Namjoon. Nice to meet you.” Jungkook grasps the offered hand like he’s convinced it’s a hallucination and isn’t sure even when his fingers wrap around Namjoon’s.

“Uh, nice to meet you, Namjoon-hyung,” he stammers, and Yoongi bristles because why does Namjoon get to be *Namjoon-hyung* after literally two seconds.

“Namjoon,” Yoongi snaps, and something on his face makes Namjoon do a double take before he gets a smug look in his eye, gaze flickering to Jungkook. Yoongi gets a sudden urge to punch him.

“Did you come to hang out, Jungkook-ah?” Namjoon asks, voice smooth the way it always is when he’s being *nice* to the fans, and it hasn’t ever bothered Yoongi before, but now he’s vaguely aware he’s clutching the water bottle in his hand so hard it’s starting to cave in. “Know anything about music producing?”

“Only a little,” Jungkook says, looking a bit stunned.

“You should help out then!” Namjoon suggests brightly, and Yoongi stares because since when is Namjoon so keen to drag others into their recording process? “You’re a fan? We could use a fan’s opinion. Right, Yoongi-hyung?”

“Right,” Yoongi says through clenched teeth. Jungkook loses a bit of the awed expression and looks uncomfortable instead, glancing from Namjoon to Yoongi.

“I could leave,” he starts hesitantly, but Yoongi cuts him off with a sigh.

“Nah, you might as well... Come here,” he pats the seat next to him, scooting over to make way and ignoring Namjoon’s obnoxious winking behind Jungkook’s back.

“Um,” Jungkook says as the beat is slowly dying, fading away. Yoongi groans and scrubs his hands viciously through his hair, dislocating the beanie in the process.

“I don’t know what to do with this one,” he admits, frustrated. “It’s been two weeks and I can’t figure out how to fix this track.”

“It’s not bad,” Jungkook protests, seeming hasty to defend Yoongi, even to himself. “The rap parts are amazing! Maybe... have you considered adding vocals?” Yoongi snaps his gaze to Jungkook, who seems to shrink a little under the scrutiny.

“We thought about it, but...” Namjoon shrugs. “It’s a matter of finding the right voice, too.”

“Sorry,” Jungkook says meekly. What a stupid thing to say, of course they’ve considered vocals. “I just...”

“No,” Yoongi cuts in. “It’s a decent suggestion, though we’d have to make space for it, and maybe rearrange the parts at that place...” He dissolves into mumbling to himself.

Jungkook is still winded by the fact that he’s sitting in a studio with Yoongi and Namjoon, listening to their unreleased tracks and being asked for his opinion. He manages to give one or two astute pointers, but mostly he feels like he’s in way over his head. When Yoongi gets a manic glint in his eyes and Namjoon starts to lean forward, the two of them shooting ideas back and forth so quickly Jungkook has trouble even keeping up, he retreats to the sofa to watch silently. The two hardly even notice, completely absorbed in their discussion. Jungkook is amazed by how in tune they seem, entirely riding the same wavelength.

The sofa is comfortable, and it’s not long before Jungkook’s eyelids are growing heavy. He snuggles into the cushions, intending only to nap for a bit, but he finds himself drifting deeper and deeper, lulled to sleep by the mumble of voices.

At one point he swears he can feel someone’s chilly hand on his forehead, pushing his fringe out of his eyes and stroking it back. He

turns into the touch, sighing, halfway between dreams and consciousness. His head feels as if it's stuffed full of cotton.

Someone gives a chuckle. "So you actually do like him after all."

"Shut up," he can make out Yoongi's voice, sounding much closer than the other. Jungkook wrinkles his nose.

"Yoongi," he sighs, and the hand stills. Jungkook's eyelids flutter, and then the steady movement picks up again, carefully smoothing over his temple.

"Shh, Jungkook-ah," Yoongi says, low and soothing, and Jungkook relaxes again. "Go back to sleep." Jungkook slips back into the darkness.

What feels like only a few minutes later, a hand is shaking his shoulder.

"Jungkook," and Jungkook groans and buries his face into something warm and soft that smells *amazing*. The voice is amused. "Jeon Jungkookie, wake up."

"No, wanna stay here," Jungkook slurs. "Smells good." The soft, warm thing he's snuggling into vibrates in a laugh. *What?*

"You think I smell good?" Jungkook flies upright on the sofa, narrowly avoiding knocking heads with Yoongi, who is kneeling next to it, and wow, Jungkook has embarrassed himself once again.

His entire face is probably splotchy red. "Sorry, I didn't mean—"

"No, it's okay," Yoongi cuts him off, echoing Jungkook's earlier words back at him with a small grin. "I like it."

Jungkook's heart is beating so hard he can feel it all the way to his fingertips. He stares at Yoongi, frozen. What does that mean? Why would Yoongi like that? But then Yoongi turns away, standing up and stretching his limbs and the moment is broken. His hoodie rides up and reveals a sliver of pale, smooth tummy that Jungkook's eyes are glued to until it disappears back underneath the fabric again.

"It's pretty late," Yoongi says. "You were out for a while." He glances at Jungkook and for a second there's something in his eyes that Jungkook doesn't dare to name. Then it's gone again, maybe just something imagined, and Yoongi's shrugging into his jacket. "Come

on,” he says, and Jungkook follows him out the door, swaying on his feet.

Outside the sky is darkening, and their breaths escape their mouths in clouds of white mist. Yoongi hunches into his jacket, hands shoved deep into the pockets. Jungkook shivers. The temperature wasn’t as low when he walked here earlier, and the contrast between the heated studio and the chilly outside chases the last vestiges of sleep from his mind.

“Is it okay, for us to walk?” Jungkook finds himself asking.

“Yeah,” Yoongi replies, voice getting muffled as he fixes the mask covering his mouth and nose. He cuts a glance at Jungkook from the corner of his eye. “Keep your head down and stay close, okay?”

They fall into step side by side. At first the streets are quiet and deserted, but as they approach the more central areas it starts getting crowded. Jungkook drifts closer to Yoongi’s side, trying to keep his head down while anxious not to lose him among the other people. Then he feels a tug at his sleeve. For a heartstopping moment, Jungkook thinks a stranger has grabbed him, that they’ve been recognized, but when he looks down the hand belongs to Yoongi. He’s gripping the fabric of Jungkook’s jacket securely. He’s not wearing any mittens, and his knuckles are turning red from the cold. Before Jungkook registers what he’s doing, he’s pried Yoongi fingers loose and enveloped them in his own hand.

Yoongi’s palm is slack in his. Jungkook stares at their joined hands with a sort of detached horror. He’s finally done it now, Yoongi is going to shove him away, tell him to never touch him again—

Yoongi does none of these things. Jungkook almost jumps out of his skin when he feels icy fingers fold over his on, and he snaps his head up. Yoongi’s eyes are fixed on the road ahead of them, and Jungkook can’t tell if his cheeks are red from the cold or something else.

Worst of all—except for his own heart pounding violently inside his chest, Jungkook can’t feel a thing.

They stumble into the hallway, still connected. Yoongi can't help but grin. Jungkook looks *endearing*, flushed to the tips of his ears, tufts of his dark hair sticking up. It's like a piece of a puzzle slots into place inside of Yoongi, fitting perfectly into a space he wasn't aware existed.

"C'mere," he murmurs, eyes locked on Jungkook's. He tugs him closer by their joined hands, and Jungkook stumbles forward a step. With his free hand, Yoongi reaches up, stroking Jungkook's bangs out of his eyes in the echo of a gesture from a dream. "Your hair's a mess. Aiming for the bad boy look, Jeon Jungkookie?" he asks teasingly, thumb smoothing over the soft skin just beneath his eyebrow. Jungkook's own hand comes up, fingers closing around Yoongi's wrist like a brand.

"Are you," he begins, voice hoarse. "Are you toying with me, hyung?" Yoongi frowns. There's a downset to Jungkook's mouth, and he's biting the inside of his cheek. Even through the jacket, Yoongi can make out the tense line of his shoulders.

"What are you talking about?"

"Why are you even asking that?" Jungkook's voice is trembling with accusation, with *hurt*, and Yoongi gets the sudden impression that this entire conversation is barreling out of control. "Don't pretend like this. You don't even like me!"

Yoongi goes slack with surprise. Distantly, he's aware of his wrist slipping out of Jungkook's grasp as he stares at him, mouth dry. "What."

The silence is oppressive. Jungkook loosens their handhold, stepping away. Yoongi's fingers instinctively curl up, but there's nothing to grasp at.

"My room is fixed," Jungkook tells Yoongi's sneakers. Yoongi blinks, brain furiously trying to catch up with all these revelations. "I only came to the studio to tell you. Don't worry, I won't bother you anymore."

Then he bends down and picks up a bag Yoongi hadn't noticed before. All the air is punched out of Yoongi's lungs, the hallway tilts.

"You're leaving."

Jungkook says nothing, just slings the bag over his shoulder, turning toward the door.

“Jungkook, what,” Yoongi manages, and his calm voice is nothing like his mind. His hand shoots out and grasps Jungkook’s shoulder, spinning him around so they’re facing each other. Jungkook swallows, but stays silent. His eyes are flicking rapidly over Yoongi’s face, like he’s trying to drink in everything at once, trying to burn every slope of his face into memory. Yoongi stares back. Jungkook has a small scar on his cheek, a streak of pale against the tan shade of his skin. Yoongi can’t believe it’s been there all this time, and he never noticed it until now. How could he not notice?

“Jungkook-ah,” the name comes out on an exhale, and Jungkook shudders. Yoongi can feel it pass through him underneath the palm of his hand. Yoongi slides his fingers from Jungkook’s shoulder over the jut of his collarbone, coming to rest just above his heart. The same place where Yoongi can feel his own heart beating, every pulse of it enough to bruise. “Can’t you... Don’t you feel it?”

Jungkook gives him a small, humorless tug of a smile. “Feel what, hyung?” He shakes off Yoongi’s hand, and this time Yoongi lets it fall.

Jungkook leaves. Yoongi watches the door swing shut behind him.

Chapter End Notes

sound of wind blowing by sadly

(i'm sorry u need to have at least one of these cliffhanger type of endings. it's the law)

also, since i have a [tumblr](#) now you guys could, idk, hit me up? talk to me about sugakookie? or just come watch me embarrass myself ^^

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

haha..... /o\

i'm not even gonna make excuses. i'm very sorry for the wait! i obsessed way too much over this chapter, so now in the end i'm just posting it instead of it being a source of anxiety for the next week as well. i really really hope you guys will like it TT ♡

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jungkook raps his knuckles against the hard surface of the studio door, sniffing into his sleeve. His nose is running. It's just the cold, that's all.

Hoseok opens the door with a frown on his face. "Jungkook-ah? What are you doing here? Where's—" he falls silent as soon as he gets a closer look at Jungkook's face, eyes widening.

"Hyung," Jungkook says, and his voice breaks on the word, splinters in his throat. "Hyung, please let me stay here."

Hoseok lets him in without a word. Only when Jungkook is settled on a makeshift bed made out of a few foam rubber mats and jackets, Hoseok asks, "What happened?"

Jungkook fidgets, but stays silent.

"You're not gonna tell me?" Hoseok raises his eyebrows, and pulls out his phone, thumb hovering over the screen. "Should I call Yoongi-hyung and ask him then?"

"No!" Jungkook bursts out loudly. "No, don't call him."

"Alright then," Hoseok says, lowering the phone but not putting it back in his pocket. "Gonna tell me what happened?"

Reluctantly, Jungkook starts up a mumbling recount of the events of the day. By the time he finishes his eyes are glued to the jacket he's clutching in his lap.

"Oh, Jungkook," Hoseok sighs and he sounds so sad that Jungkook risks a glance up and his jaw drops.

“What the hell hyung? Are you *crying*?”

Hoseok punches Jungkook in the shoulder. “Shut up you brat, I’m not. It’s just *tragic*,” he snivels wetly and Jungkook instinctively crinkles his nose in disgust, rubbing the sore spot on his arm, “how stupid you both are. No wonder you’re soulmates, you guys are obviously destined for each other. Oh my god.”

“I’m not stupid,” Jungkook says defensively. Hoseok gives him a look of pity that probably isn’t entirely unlike the expression doctors don while telling someone they have an incurable disease.

“Jungkook,” Hoseok begins, enunciating each word very carefully as if explaining some obvious fact to a child. “If Yoongi-hyung truly didn’t care about you *at all*, why would he hold your hand?”

“I don’t *know*!” Jungkook explodes. “I don’t understand! First he outright rejects me, then he lets me live in his house! And then he just *leaves* again! I thought he felt bad about my dorm, but he kept being so...”

He cuts himself off, not knowing how to put it into words. How should he describe that look Yoongi had directed at him in the studio? Or how Yoongi’s eyes would sometimes flick to his lips and linger there for entirely too long? Or the teasing lilt of his voice calling him, soft and sly; *Jeon Jungkookie*.

Hoseok’s watching him with a small amount of sympathy. Jungkook must seem so pathetic right now.

“I agree he could’ve been a bit more forthcoming about this entire thing, but then again Yoongi-hyung has always been an ‘actions speak louder than words’ kinda guy.”

“What do you mean?” Jungkook demands, fed up with everyone talking in riddles.

“Yoongi likes you,” Hoseok says, point blank. Jungkook’s expression immediately falls.

“No, he doesn’t,” he mutters.

Hoseok splays his hands out in incredulity. “Why are you so convinced of that? Has he ever told you so explicitly?”

“Didn’t you just say Yoongi-hyung is more of an ‘actions speak louder

than words' kinda guy?" Jungkook mocks. "Trust me, it showed. And he even said he'd never date a fan."

"Ah," Hoseok says, leaning back and putting weight on his hands placed behind him on the studio floor. "I suppose he didn't mention anything about that either."

"Mentioned *what*?"

Hoseok shifts, looking vaguely uncomfortable. "I don't know if I should tell you this, but then again, you do deserve to know..." He sighs, looking up at Jungkook. "Yoongi-hyung once dated a fan."

Jungkook stares. "What? I never..."

Hoseok gives him a wry smile. "It wasn't exactly a public thing, which is probably the only fortunate thing about it. It... it didn't end very well. Yoongi-hyung was pretty messed up about it."

Jungkook almost feels scared to breathe. "What happened?"

Hoseok gives him a pointed look. "If you want the details you should probably ask Yoongi-hyung about that, not me. Anyway, it was after that he made that rule about not dating fans. He stuck to it religiously too, but from the sound of it, I guess he's discarded it now."

"Discarded it?" Jungkook asks, confused.

"Yeah," Hoseok rolls his eyes. "Since he started to get to know *you*."

Jungkook opens his mouth protest again, but Hoseok frowns like he's just realized something else and asks, "Hold on. You and Yoongi are soulmates, and you've been really close to each other for a while now. Couldn't you feel it?"

Jungkook swallows, memory of Yoongi's palm flat on his chest. *Don't you feel it?* "Not a thing," he confesses bitterly. Hoseok stares at him.

"...Okay," he admits reluctantly, uncertainty flickering across his features for the first time, "I can see why that would throw you off... What about Yoongi though?"

"What about him?"

"Did *he* feel anything?"

"How the fuck should I know? It's not like I *asked*."

"I'm starting to see that's not your strong suit," Hoseok remarks. "Did you guys even exchange words at all?"

"Sorry," Jungkook retorts snidely, "I was kind of busy having my own feelings."

"Alright, no need to get so defensive! I'm just saying all of this might be a misunderstanding..."

Jungkook glares into his lap. Of course, he's the one who's fucked up again. There probably wasn't even anything to notice. You know, since Yoongi doesn't give a shit about him.

They sit in silence for a while. Jungkook's thoughts keep going in circles, always returning to Yoongi. What he's doing. What he's thinking about. What he's feeling. Isn't it funny, how Jungkook's still just as clueless about that when Yoongi is on the other side of town, as Jungkook was when he was staying right by his side?

"You do know," Hoseok starts off, contemplative, "that it's possible to reject a soulbond, right?"

"I figured, thanks."

"Not Yoongi-hyung, I'm saying what if *you* rejected it?" Taking a look at Jungkook's expression, Hoseok hastens to elaborate. "I mean, if you don't let him in first, it's impossible to feel anything. Let's be real, how many reasons has Yoongi-hyung really given you to trust him?"

"Well," Jungkook scowls, but falters. Hoseok watches him with dawning understanding, and it makes Jungkook's skin crawl. He rubs a palm over his forearm, like it'll make the itch of the tattoo disappear. "It's not like I think he'll murder me in my sleep or anything!"

"That's called being a decent human being, Jungkook-ah," Hoseok points out.

"He.. He was nice to me?" Jungkook tries, but there's an ugly feeling creeping into his heart.

"Yeah, *also* called being a decent human being. Besides, you thought he only did that out of obligation and not because he wanted to, right?"

And Jungkook wants to deny it, tell Hoseok he's wrong, but he finds

himself asking the only thing on his mind.

“Didn’t he?”

“That’s a yes, Jungkook-ah,” Hoseok tells him gently.

**

Yoongi takes the stairs two at a time. He is hit by a strange sense of déjà vu as he climbs upwards, bowing his head and pulling his cap down more firmly as he’s passed by a student hugging five books to their chest and muttering to themselves under their breath. They don’t even seem to notice elbowing Yoongi as they move past, and he lets out a quiet breath.

It’s strange, how this place seems colored by the urgency from his memories. His feet instinctively want to speed up, to tear down the hallway like it’s a matter of life and death this time around as well. Yoongi forces himself to slow his pace. The squeaks his sneakers make against the floor feel impossibly loud, every single sound amplified in the deserted corridor. Yoongi is struck by the sudden thought that everyone on the other side of the walls must be able to hear the heavy thump of his heartbeat as he passes by.

He stops before one of the doors. It looks exactly the same as the others, except when Yoongi pays attention the lock looks shinier, like it’s new. Taking another calming breath, he raises his hand to knock.

“He’s not there.”

Yoongi whirls around. There’s a guy leaning on the wall opposite, arms crossed over his chest. It takes a second for Yoongi to recognize him as Jimin from Jungkook’s dance lesson. The emotionless expression on his face contrasts sharply with the boyish smile from Yoongi’s memory, eyes turned up into crescent moons. Those same eyes are now regarding him coldly.

Yoongi slowly lowers his hand, somehow feeling like he should be raising both instead, palms up in a “don’t shoot” gesture. “Do you know where he is?”

For a split second Jimin’s features twist, but they smooth out before

Yoongi can get a real read on the emotion concealed. “Yes,” Jimin answers flatly, without elaborating.

“Alright,” Yoongi says, but doesn’t press. Instead he asks, voice deceptively calm while his heart is beating out of his chest, “How is he?”

The carefully blank expression on Jimin’s face crumples. Yoongi is entirely unprepared for what comes next.

“You *fucking bastard,*” Jimin hisses, eyes blazing with fury as he stalks toward Yoongi. “‘How is he?’ *How is he?* You think you can just show up here and ask *how he is?*”

Yoongi flinches backwards when Jimin gets up in his face. They’re about the same height, which means it shouldn’t be intimidating, but the sheer intensity of Jimin’s expression is enough to make up for it. He stabs a finger at Yoongi’s chest, almost causing him to stumble backwards from the force behind the gesture.

“You supreme asshole,” he spits. A fleck of it hits Yoongi’s cheek as he stares, wide-eyed and taken off-guard. “Do you even *know* how much you’ve hurt Jungkook? How many times you made him cry? You don’t deserve to know *shit* about him, least of all *how he is.*” He punctures the last three words by poking Yoongi in the chest again, hard.

“Jiminnie?” a voice asks from behind Jimin’s back. “Who’re you yelling at?”

Jimin breaks off his glare to turn around, and another guy appears in Yoongi’s line of sight. He notices how the faintly puzzled look hardens as soon as the guy lays eyes on Yoongi.

“Ah,” he says. “It’s you.”

Yoongi’s about to ask “Have we met?” because the guy is glaring at him with such open distaste, but before he gets the chance, the guy moves up next to Jimin and slings an arm around his shoulders.

“You know,” he tells Jimin casually, like Yoongi isn’t even there. “I’ve never punched anyone in my life before... so I’m not really sure how you do it, but,” he pauses and grins suddenly, turning to Yoongi, “it can’t be that difficult, can it?”

Jimin snorts, even though anger is still evident in every hardened line of his frame. “You’d probably hurt your hand, don’t bother.”

“Ah, you think so?” the guy relents, pouting slightly.

“Who the hell are you?” Yoongi gets out, staring at him.

“It’s Taehyung,” the guy presents cheerfully, hand forming a v-sign next to his face. Although his actions are borderline silly, there’s something harsh in the glint of his eyes. “Did our Jungkookie not tell you about me?”

“No,” Yoongi mutters, and it’s like admitting defeat. “He didn’t tell me anything.”

Jimin raises an eyebrow. “Guess you can’t have been that close then,” he says, and God, that stings.

Taehyung tugs at Jimin’s sleeve. “Hey, let’s go,” he says. “I want ice cream.”

“Yeah, alright,” Jimin agrees easily. “Better leave before someone recognizes you,” he throws at Yoongi over his shoulder before they start walking away.

Yoongi’s throat is so dry he has to forcibly swallow twice before the words make it past his lips.

“I don’t,” he calls out after them, and it comes out a little rough, a little desperate. They both stop, turning back. Yoongi clears his throat. “I don’t know,” he says hoarsely. “How much I’ve hurt him.” He clenches his fists in frustration and helplessness. He wonders absentmindedly if Jungkook can feel it, before he remembers that Jungkook can’t feel anything at all. “But I’m really sorry,” he manages to wrangle out, throat closing up as he practically has to rip the words out of his chest.

Both Jimin and Taehyung watch him silently for a while. “Wow, you’re a mess,” Jimin says at last, but the anger is smoothed from his brow. Yoongi doesn’t deny it. “Maybe you should’ve told him that.”

“I want to. I would, if he’d pick up my calls.”

Jimin and Taehyung share a glance that makes Yoongi wonder if telepathy is an actual thing nowadays.

“Please hold,” Taehyung intones in his deep voice, “and we will be with you in a minute.”

He and Jimin then turn their backs on Yoongi once more, arms over the other's shoulder and heads ducked closely together. Yoongi can do nothing but stare in incredulity as they proceed to have what looks like a whispered two-man conference. After a minute or so of furious hissing, they nod decisively, narrowly avoiding knocking their foreheads together, and straighten up.

"Okay," Jimin fixes Yoongi with a stare. "We have agreed to hear you out and give you another chance, on one condition—"

"—You buy us ice cream," Taehyung fills in, nodding sagely with arms crossed over his chest.

"What," Yoongi says.

This is how he finds himself seated across from two college kids he barely knows, staring at the piled-up mountain of ice cream on the table. Yoongi's starting to wonder if all these meet-ups with youngsters are gonna become a routine in his life.

"It's winter," Yoongi remarks, still eyeing the amount of ice cream with a wrinkled nose.

Taehyung pays him no mind, eyes closed in bliss. Only Jimin pauses, spoon halfway to his mouth. "Yeah, what's your point?"

Yoongi rolls his eyes. "Nevermind."

"Okay," Taehyung's words are muffled around the spoon in his mouth. "We're waiting."

Yoongi sighs, scrubbing a hand across his face. "What do you want to know?"

"Well, you could always begin by explaining how you caused Jungkook, the person who spends way too much time coming up with excuses for your behavior, to run away from the one thing he wants above all. Which is, coincidentally," Jimin rudely points the spoon at Yoongi's scowling face, "to be with you."

"I would if I knew that myself," Yoongi counters, frustration making his tone snappier than he would like. "Maybe you could explain why he seems so dead set on thinking I don't like him?"

Taehyung and Jimin both pause.

"You're kidding, right?" They exchange doubtful glances. "Remember that time you met with him only to tell him that you wouldn't ever date him, based solely on the reason that he liked your music? Why is that even? Do you have something against people enjoying your work? That's just plain bizarre to me considering your profession."

"That's personal," Yoongi clips, in a voice that brooks no argument.

Jimin considers him coldly for a minute, before leaning back again. "Fair enough. But you gotta admit your first meeting was pretty bad."

Yoongi shifts uncomfortably in the plastic chair. The entire interior of the ice cream parlor is making him feel way out of his comfort zone. It's too colorful, and... cheery. "That was a long time ago," he defends. "Things changed."

"Like what?" Taehyung challenges.

"Like the way I felt," Yoongi says. "The way I feel."

"It didn't cross your mind that what Jungkook felt also might change, then?"

Yoongi's jaw clenches, but he can't exactly protest, because it's true. While Yoongi was too busy trying to come to terms with whatever leftover ghosts from his past, he didn't spare a thought to what the waiting might do to Jungkook. Didn't even reach out once. Yoongi thinks of the look of betrayal on Jungkook's face, his glittering eyes and voice full of thorns (*Feel* what, *hyung?*), a whole world of hurt Yoongi didn't notice, and his ribs crowd in around his lungs like a prison.

"He said he couldn't feel a thing," Yoongi reluctantly admits, trying to ignore the dull throb of his heart. He turns his gaze toward the window to avoid the stares from the other side of the table. "If you kids could explain that, I'm all ears."

"There is a theory," Taehyung confides, eyes observing Yoongi carefully.

"It's a work in progress," Jimin hedges. "It's just what Hoseok-hyung thinks."

"Jung Hoseok?" Yoongi questions, back straightening. Jimin and

Taehyung seem to flounder for the first time underneath his sharp gaze.

"Uh, yeah?" Then understanding seems to dawn on Jimin's face, "Oh, I forgot that you... know him..."

"So he knows where Jungkook is?" Yoongi fires off, leaning further in over the table.

"Uh, yes—"

"Great. Thanks kids," Yoongi stands up. "You've been real helpful."

"Hey, at least stay until you've answered one more question, okay?" Jimin frowns disapprovingly up at him. Yoongi dutifully pauses, even though his legs are itching to carry him out of this godforsaken shop of happiness and sugar-induced heart attacks. Seeing that Yoongi is listening, Jimin draws a breath, before asking, "Do you like Jungkookie?"

Standing next to the table in the middle of the shop, Yoongi wonders if Jungkook also goes here a lot. If he's sat at this very table, in the chair next to Yoongi's. If Yoongi concentrates, he can almost see him, eyes closed up in laughter, smiling brilliantly. Maybe Jungkook has at some point stood at this very spot where Yoongi is standing.

"Yeah," Yoongi admits, plainly. In the end, it's easier than he thought. As if it's been inside him all this time, tucked away underneath his tongue like a secret truth waiting to unfold. "Yeah, I like Jungkook."

"Then, are you gonna tell him that?" Taehyung follows up, equally serious as he gazes up at Yoongi.

"Yeah."

Taehyung and Jimin exchange looks.

"Just so you know, we're doing this for the sake of Kookie's happiness," Taehyung narrows his eyes at Yoongi. "If you make him cry again, I really will punch you."

"That's fine by me, kid," Yoongi agrees. Digging around in his pocket for his wallet, he produces a shiny credit card. "I'll pay on the way out, okay?"

Jimin's jaw drops for a split second before the scowl is back, more

indignant than ever. “Are you trying to *buy our cooperation?*”

Despite himself, Yoongi snorts, shattering the somewhat tense atmosphere. “Who do you think I am, a chaebol? This isn’t a drama, kid.”

“I don’t know, you’re kinda like the male lead in one,” Taehyung muses, tilting his head supported by an elbow on the tabletop as he considers Yoongi. “Emotionally stunted, rich, and kind of an asshole.”

“Wow, burn,” Jimin snickers, eyes scrunching up. Taehyung grins back at him, offering up his palm in a high-five gesture. Yoongi can’t help but roll his eyes. These are the same kids that threatened him with physical violence only a minute ago. Jungkook’s friends are something else, although, considering the people Yoongi himself likes to surround himself with, it’s not like he has room to talk.

People who, apparently, can’t even pick up their phones to let him know they’ve been hanging out with Yoongi’s soulmate all this time.

The door hasn’t even swung fully shut behind Yoongi before he’s dialing Hoseok’s number. Suspiciously, Hoseok picks up after only two signals, but Yoongi couldn’t care less about that right now. The sheer urgency that fills him up makes his bones feel like they’re vibrating.

“Yoongi-hyung!” Hoseok sounds nervous and a bit guilty underneath the cheerful tone of his voice. “Haha, wow, is this a coincidence or what! I was just about to call you, you see, I have something—”

“Jungkook,” Yoongi talks over him. “How is he? Is he okay?”

“—to tell you about... Wait, what? How did you know about that?”

“Can you *just answer*,” Yoongi finds himself begging. His breath is quickening, and Yoongi realizes that he’s been striding down the street unheeding of the other pedestrians, as if the answer would come faster if he just quickens his pace. He abruptly stops his feet from moving forward, coming to a halt so suddenly that he sways in place. Slumping against a store window, Yoongi bows his head as his free hand comes up to pinch the bridge of his nose. “Just *tell me* how he is,” he breathes.

“Hyung, are you okay? You sound a bit...”

“*Is that important right now?!*” Frustration makes his voice explode in volume, startling a couple who is just walking past. They look at him askance, but Yoongi just manages a apologetic jerk of his head. Forcibly trying to calm down, he grits into the receiver, “I swear to God, if you don’t tell me *right now*—”

“He’s fine!” Hoseok yelps. “He’s fine, he’s okay—he’s been with me all this time, don’t worry!”

Yoongi closes his eyes against the sudden wave of relief threatening to pull him under. He leans even more heavily on the window, feeling weak in the knees. Hoseok’s voice calling to him sounds far away.

“...Yoongi-hyung? Hyung? Are you still there?”

Yoongi clears his throat. “See, was that so hard? Why couldn’t you just tell me that from the start,” he says gruffly, scratching at the back of his neck.

“It’s been some time since I’ve heard you lose your temper that badly, hyung,” Hoseok muses. “You must’ve been really worried.”

“Don’t push it,” Yoongi grumbles, but then in the next breath he can’t help but wanting to make sure, “He’s really okay?”

“Yeah,” Hoseok reassures him patiently. “Or, I mean. As okay as someone who thinks their soulmate doesn’t reciprocate their feelings at all can be?”

Yoongi’s stomach sinks. Every heartbeat seems to be a punch in his chest, a beat of *selfishselfishselfish*. *You caused this. Do something about it*. He clears his throat, tries to breathe through the pains.

“Your theory. What is it?”

Hoseok is silent for a beat. “Have you been talking to Jimin or Taehyung by any chance?”

“Pick one, get the other for free,” Yoongi drawls tiredly.

“Wow, sounds like a party. Are you having a bad day, Yoongi hyung?”

Yoongi doesn’t reply.

“Hoseok-ah,” he says instead. “What should I do?”

“You know, I’ve always kinda wanted to play matchmaker,” Hoseok

muses. “Lucky for you, I have been preparing for this moment... Aren’t you happy I’m your best friend?”

“Debatable,” Yoongi deadpans, sharing a look with his reflection in the store window.

“So stingy,” Hoseok tuts disapprovingly. “But since you’re missing your better half, I’ll forgive you this once, hyung!”

“You sure are pushing it for someone who’s been hanging out with that better half without telling your *best friend*.”

“Ohhh, scary,” Hoseok singsongs. Yoongi despairs. “I’m sending you a file right now, okay?”

Yoongi frowns in confusion.

“Alright?” Removing the phone from his ear, he looks at the attachment popping up. It’s a powerpoint presentation named *whykookiecantfeelyoongisundryingloveanddevotion.ppt*. Even without opening it, Yoongi knows it’s gonna be in comic sans with a billion bad animation transitions in rainbow colors, because Hoseok is the kind of person who never mentally graduated from preschool and still draws the sun with a smiley face.

“... I really regret meeting you sometimes.”

“See, that’s what you say, but your heart just grew three sizes, right?”

“Maybe that’s why I feel sick.”

“Aw,” Hoseok coos. “I gotta leave now, but read that okay? It will make sense.”

“Yeah,” Yoongi says. He clears his throat. “Thanks, Hoseok-ah.”

There’s a slight pause before Hoseok’s warm voice returns. “Anything for my best friend”

“Yeah,” Yoongi says. “You know I appreciate it, right?”

“I know,” Yoongi hears the smile in his voice even through the static of their breathing. “I’m hanging up first, hyung!”

Yoongi hums in confirmation and Hoseok chirps a last goodbye before the line goes silent. Yoongi lowers the phone. His fingers have gone stiff and cold from holding it to his ear for so long. People bustle past

the spot where Yoongi stands, a continuous flow that just keeps moving forward, on and on.

The screen of his phone that went black, suddenly buzzes and lights up in his hand. Yoongi startles, before pressing the text from Hoseok.

[from: the hobi yoongi loves 🍷] this one's a bonus~ (≡ω≡) fighting yoongi-hyung!!!!

see attached file .jpg

Yoongi frowns and presses his cold fingertip against the link containing the picture.

It's Jungkook. He's asleep, curled up on what looks like a pile of jackets on the floor of Hoseok's studio. The lighting is bad and the picture grainy, but Jungkook's face is relaxed in sleep, lips parted. One of his hands is gripping the material of the sleeve just over his right wrist. Among the jackets he looks tiny and abandoned, and Yoongi's chest aches like something fierce even as a smile works itself across his face.

That's him. That's Yoongi's soulmate.

Next to him, the stream of strangers hurrying through their lives continues.

**

"You did *what*," Jungkook asks blankly.

"We had ice cream with Suga!" Jimin's voice repeats happily, while Jungkook just blinks owlishly. "Or well, me and TaeTae had ice cream and he just kind of sat there. Oh, and he also paid for it. Nice of him, right?"

"Did he... Why did he do that?" Jungkook hesitates, hand curling around the phone held to his ear. There are so many questions he wants to ask, but struggles to voice aloud. *Did he seem angry? Did he look tired? Did he mention me, even once?* "How... how was he?" he settles on, lamely.

There's a pause on Jimin's end before his voice picks up again. "You

know, if you answered when he calls he could tell you himself.”

Jungkook tenses. “Did Yoongi-hyung say that?”

Jimin heaves a sigh. “Kookie, you know I’m firmly on your side”—Jimin ignores Jungkook’s mutter of *what side*—“because it is my duty as part of your protection squad”—once again ignoring Jungkook’s inquiry of *what protection squad*—“and because he obviously hurt your feelings, but... do you think you’ll be happy with this?” It’s silent except for the sound of their breathing through the line. “Do you think you could walk away like this and never know?”

“I don’t know,” Jungkook whispers at least, and it’s like a physical pain, the way every cell in his body is screaming in denial. “I don’t know what to do, hyung.”

“Okay, Jungkookie,” Jimin says, soothing. “I think you should talk to him. I know you have this habit of obsessively over-analyzing everything, but isn’t it easier to just ask Suga-hyung? It’s the only way you can be sure, right?”

“Right,” Jungkook mumbles.

“Honestly, talk to him. I think he misses you.”

“Okay.”

Jimin huffs. “Why do I get the feeling you’re just agreeing with everything I say to make me stop talking?”

“I have no idea,” Jungkook answers airily. “But hyung, didn’t your class start ten minutes ago?”

Jimin’s scowl is practically audible. “Why are you trying to change the subject? Don’t try to distract me, don’t you think I’d know if my class —” There’s a sudden spike of interference that Jungkook interprets as Jimin falling out of his chair. “Oh *hell*—”

“You should run, hyung,” Jungkook helpfully suggests.

“How could you not say anything!” Jimin wails as Jungkook tries to muffle his snickers. “Yah, you’re dead to me, Jeon Jungkook!”

“Bye, Jiminnie-hyung,” Jungkook coos, and promptly hits the end call button.

He flops backwards down onto the floor, phone clasped loosely in his

hand. The smile fades away. He rolls over onto his side, bringing his phone close. Brightly lit, the screen radiates *Yoongi > > 12 missed calls*. Jungkook's thumb hovers over the call button.

Just ask, Jimin said. But even if Jungkook asks, how can he actually trust what Yoongi answers?

Do you think you'll be happy with this, Jimin said. His phone makes a clattering sound as it slips out of his hand and Jungkook twists onto his back again, dunking the back of his head against the floorboards in frustration. Of course not. Of course he can't be happy like this.

I think he misses you, Jimin said. Jungkook balls up the sleeves of his hoodie in his fists, and tries to muffle his shout into them.

Monday, Jungkook lingers after the end of the dance session. Jimin offered to stay behind with him when he noticed the younger dragging his feet, but Jungkook brushed him off. He knows Jimin has a paper due tomorrow that he has been procrastinating the entire week. Besides, it's not like Jungkook has any real reason to stay, with his dorm back. It's just the thought of sleeping there alone, that makes goosebumps rise on his skin and his stomach crawl with unease.

There's a keyboard in Hoseok's dance studio, pressed up against the wall and out of the way for the dancers. Jungkook sinks down in front of it, cross-legged on the floor. Hoseok is still there as well, fussing with the stereo equipment in the corner. He casts a furtive glance at Jungkook, who pretends not to notice. Maybe if he refuses to acknowledge the elephant in the room, it will relocate to nearest zoo by itself. No such luck though, because the next moment Hoseok asks,

"So, have you talked to Yoongi hyung yet?"

Jungkook presses four keys at once. The jarring sound it produces echoes off the mirrors in the room.

"Guess that's a no."

"I dunno what to say," Jungkook mutters defensively, trying another key that vibrates with a low sound.

"Gee, I don't know, the truth maybe?" Hoseok rolls his eyes before fluttering his lashes and adopting a shrill tone that really sounds nothing like Jungkook at all, "Yoongi-hyung, I really like you so

much, please take pity on me and relieve all my friends from the suffering of having to watch my insecure bumbling.”

“Wow, I had no idea you felt that way about Yoongi-hyung,” Jungkook snarks.

Hoseok throws his hands up. “Why do I even bother,” he mutters. “Nagging you is Jimin’s job. Stay here and sulk then, and lock up after yourself when you’ve finished.”

Jungkook doesn’t grace him with an answer, and he hears Hoseok sigh before closing the door. Jungkook slumps on the floor, cross-legged as he clinks away at the piano. He’s managed to pick out the melody to that song Yoongi and Namjoon played for him when he visited their studio by the time the door opens again. Jungkook doesn’t glance behind him, figuring it’s Hoseok again.

“Go away hyung,” he says, flapping a dismissive hand in a way that’s practically asking to get hit, but he’s just not in the mood today. “I told you I would lock up. I know how a key works, I’m not five, despite what you and Jimin might think.”

His rant is met with chuckling, and Jungkook whips around so fast his neck cricks because that’s *not* what Hoseok sounds like.

Yoongi is leaning against the doorframe. He’s wearing a snapback that pushes his fringe out of his face, and a hoodie that practically swallows his slight frame. Every cell in Jungkook’s body is straining to go over to him and bury his face in the soft skin where Yoongi neck meets his shoulder. He swallows.

“What are you doing here?”

“Hoseok called me,” Yoongi says, stepping into the room, and Jungkook groans internally. “Whining something about all this playing hard to get driving him mad and for me to relieve his burden. Know anything about that?” Jungkook glares at a point on the floor located somewhere between where he sits and Yoongi stands.

“Hey Jungkook,” Yoongi says and when Jungkook chances a glance up, he looks as serious as he sounds, all signs of amusement bleeding out of his expression. “Do you want me to leave?”

Does he?

“Do what you want,” he finds himself mumbling. “I mean, I guess you

could stay. Whatever.” Yoongi snorts softly under his breath, but comes over and drops down on the floor next to Jungkook. The warmth radiating from his body makes Jungkook want to snuggle into his side. To distract himself, he turns his full attention to the keyboard in front of them, and feels Yoongi do the same.

“So you dance, sing, and play the piano. Is there anything you *can’t* do?”

“I’m not very good,” Jungkook protests quietly. “I can’t figure out what this part’s supposed to be...” He demonstrates, fingers climbing up on the keyboard, forming a melody that stumbles before it cuts off by a dissonant chord.

“No, not like that,” Yoongi says from beside him and then he’s leaning over, covering Jungkook’s fingers with his own, correcting their placement over the keys. “Like this, see? Listen.” He presses down, hands warm on top of Jungkook’s. This time, the sound that emits from the keyboard is harmonic and clear.

Jungkook is still. Yoongi’s shoulder is brushing his own. He’s close enough that his pine forest scent washes over Jungkook, and his limbs *ache* with want. They remain frozen in position like that, the chord fading away as their breathing becomes the only thing stirring the silent air of the studio. Then Yoongi sighs.

“Jungkook,” he treads their fingers together so he can tug Jungkook around to face him. Jungkook lets him maneuver them into position, gaze locked on their intertwined hands. Yoongi’s voice is uncharacteristically soft as he continues. “Hoseok told me about the bond thing. He thinks you couldn’t feel it because you,” he breaks off, glancing away for a second, before continuing, “you were convinced I hate you and kept shutting it out.”

Jungkook tenses. He glances up, and Yoongi catches his gaze and holds it. His eyes are dark like freshly brewed coffee. “Don’t you?” he finds himself asking.

Only because he’s watching so closely, Jungkook catches the small twist of Yoongi’s mouth, the way the skin tightens around his eyes. “Damn,” he sighs. “He wasn’t lying. I thought I was being pretty obvious too.”

Jungkook makes a move to untangle his fingers, to stand up, but Yoongi squeezes his hand in his, “No, hold on, Jungkookie, that’s not what I meant.” He looks like he really wants to dislodge one of his

hands to scrub over his face, but only keeps holding on to Jungkook like he's afraid he'll leave if he lets go.

"What did you mean then?"

"I meant," Yoongi says, exasperation twisting around his words, "that I thought it was totally obvious how much I..." He cuts himself off again, breaking eye contact, and Jungkook stares in equal measures of shock and fascination as splashes of pink bloom out over Yoongi's cheeks like watercolor on a sheet of paper.

"How much you what?" Jungkook doesn't want to imagine possible endings to that sentence, doesn't want to hope but Yoongi is here, and Jungkook's heart is in his throat.

"Listen, I want to explain some things to you, okay? About why I was... like that," Yoongi grimaces. His hands are still gripping Jungkook's tightly, palms clammy, but Yoongi isn't looking at their hands at all. Jungkook gets the feeling Yoongi isn't even aware of it anymore.

"Hoseok... He mentioned this other fan, right?" Yoongi continues without waiting for confirmation. "Back when me and Namjoonie were just starting out, we didn't have a lot of fans. She came to every performance we did, always came up to us afterwards, said she liked my music. She kept coming around, and I kept talking to her." Yoongi smiles, but there's nothing happy about the wry way his lips twist. "I'd never met someone with that kind of energy before. She was so enthusiastic about everything we did, *I* did. I guess I was just flattered at first... starving for someone's approval, y'know? Then somewhere along the way, without me noticing, everything became about wanting to keep her smiling like that... Guess you can already see how well that worked out, right?" Yoongi finally lifts his gaze to look at Jungkook, and his lips are pressed into a thin line, color bleeding out, like a paper cut.

"Then what?" Jungkook tries to ask, calmly, normally, but the air is thick in his throat.

Yoongi shrugs, but the motion is jerky and tense, instead of relaxed like it's meant to be. "I guess she was disappointed by the real me."

"What?" Jungkook says, and it's probably insensitive and too loud, too flat, but he's too baffled and his thoughts are like a constant buzz in his head.

“Don’t look so shocked,” Yoongi grumbles, but the tug at his lips transforms into something more genuine and soft when Jungkook promptly shuts his mouth with a click, his cheeks heating. “You’re making me feel bad. It’s exactly what it sounds like, okay?”

And Jungkook really tries, but he just can’t wrap his mind around it. Jungkook has seen Yoongi on stage, brighter under the stage lights, aura something fierce and pulsating, capable of both whipping the crowd into a frenzy, and calming it into a breathless hush with nothing but his voice. Jungkook has been there, in that crowd.

But now, Jungkook has also seen Yoongi at home, bleary eyed and and scruffy at 6 in the morning, wearing sweatpants and a threadbare T-shirt with three holes in the back, scowling like he’s prepared to fight the entire world for a cup of coffee. He’s seen Yoongi’s eyes glare death at Hoseok while his pink mouth is suppressing a smile, cheeks being stretched out into a funny expression by Hoseok’s flink fingers. He’s seen Yoongi close to tearing his hair out over nothing but a temporary dry-spell of inspiration, mouth twisted in self-criticism as he continues to try and fail, not giving up until he’s satisfied. Jungkook has seen Yoongi look at him in a dark room, like nothing else mattered except that moment, like the next words out of Jungkook’s mouth might change everything.

How could anyone be disappointed by that?

Jungkook blinks out of his reverie only to realize Yoongi is watching him.

“You...” His mouth is growing into a grin, and god, it’s like opening the blinds and suddenly the sun is right there, shining directly at you. “...You’re thinking something incredibly corny right now, aren’t you?”

“That’s,” Jungkook fumbles out, frantically blinking to clear away the afterimage of Yoongi’s smile. He tries for a scowl instead, “I wasn’t— That’s not at all—how would you even know?”

“You can’t lie to me Jungkookie,” and Jungkook has a sudden urge to wipe that smirk off Yoongi’s face. Also, an urge to crawl underneath the floorboards and hide, possibly until the end of time. “I can feel it.”

Jungkook scrunches up his brows in puzzlement. “What do you mean, *you can feel it?*”

“I’m getting to that part,” Yoongi promises, and his steady gaze makes Jungkook repress a shiver. “You’ll let hyung finish, right?”

“Uh, sure?” Jungkook isn’t sure what to do with this version of Yoongi, that just keeps *watching* him, like there’s nothing other than Jungkook worthy of his attention.

Yoongi’s lips quirk, a sliver of a smile at his hesitant answer, before he sighs. “Anyway, I tried to put that entire mess behind me, and it worked, for a while. And then *you* showed up, being all...” He gestures vaguely, and Jungkook wishes more than anything he would translate those hand movements into words. “Kinda embarrassing to admit, but I guess I hadn’t really gotten over it at all... the fact that my soulmate was someone who at first only reminded me of her? Really pissed me off,” and there’s a bitter undertone in Yoongi’s voice that makes Jungkook pull his hands away and out of Yoongi’s grasp, wringing them together in his lap.

“I’m sorry,” he mumbles, shoulders hunching as he curves in on himself.

“What are you apologizing for?”

Jungkook’s eyes dart up reflexively in surprise and he gets caught in Yoongi’s stare. “Uh,” he licks his lips nervously. “I—I don’t know?”

“Then you shouldn’t do it,” Yoongi says, and for the reprimanding words, his tone is soft. “Alright? Don’t be sorry for things that aren’t your fault. Hell, *I’m* the one who’s trying to apologize here.”

“Why?” Jungkook asks, hands curling into fists resting on his thighs. “Why are you apologizing?”

“Because I was being a selfish asshole,” Yoongi replies bluntly, and Jungkook can see the muscles in his jaw jump with tension. “Because I treated you badly. I was scared of getting hurt, so I just ended up hurting you instead, like a fucking—” He cuts himself off, abruptly, sucking in a breath through his teeth. “I’m sorry. I’m really, really sorry, Jungkook—”

There’s a tremble in Yoongi’s voice, and his hands are shaking in his lap. Jungkook has a second to marvel at how vulnerable Yoongi looks, before a rush of emotion suddenly *slams* into him. The world flickers and fades out like static. He’s lost in what feels like an inferno of anger and guilt, and *oh god, it hurts*. Jungkook is drowning, he doesn’t understand, *doesn’t understand* but he suddenly wishes desperately for Yoongi, for his warm and steadying grip, for his calloused palms, *anything—*

Then, all of it is suddenly ripped away. Jungkook surfaces with a jerk, and the world tilts sideways once before righting itself into perfect clarity. He blinks owlishly, disoriented, but there is a anchoring grip on his arms and Yoongi is in his face.

“Jungkook?” He curses under his breath, but it’s the wild look in his eyes that punches all the remaining air out of Jungkook’s lungs. “Shit, fuck—Jungkook!”

“What... what happened?” Jungkook rasps, shaking in the aftermath.

“Jesus christ, you scared the shit out of me,” Yoongi breathes, grip going slack with relief. “You just stopped breathing, and then your emotions went haywire—”

“Hold on,” Jungkook interrupts, frowning. “My... emotions?”

“Yeah.” Yoongi lifts a hand from his arm and taps his index and middle finger against Jungkook’s breastbone. “I told you I feel them. In here.”

“Wh-what?” Jungkook stutters, the shock making him stumble over his words. “How is that possible?”

“You’re my soulmate, aren’t you?”

Jungkook hopelessly tries to ignore the rush of warmth rushing through him at hearing Yoongi say those words. He clears his throat awkwardly, missing the fond quirk of Yoongi’s mouth. “Um, well, but I can’t... I don’t feel...”

“Me?” Yoongi fills in, somewhat drily. “I think you, uh. Might have. Just now.”

Jungkook stares as Yoongi’s hand comes up to rub at the junction between his neck and shoulder, gaze fixed at some point to the left of Jungkook’s head.

“All that... That was *you*?”

Dragging his gaze back to meet Jungkook’s wide eyes, Yoongi grabs his hand and guides it to lie flat against his chest, like an echo of that time in the hallway. “Jungkook-ah,” he says. “Listen closely, alright? I’m not good with expressing how I feel,” a wry smile flits across his face, “but I figure that even a guy like me can tell the truth.” Yoongi takes a deep breath, and Jungkook can feel his heartbeat jump under

his palm.

“I like you.” He doesn’t stutter or stumble over the words, pronouncing them clearly and without hesitation.

Jungkook stares. Yoongi holds steady under Jungkook’s scrutiny, despite the color in his cheeks deepening. Something deep inside of Jungkook that’s been tightly wound all this time, suddenly unfolds, and Jungkook’s eyes widen in awe.

It starts off slow. Like a warm brook, Yoongi’s emotions start to trickle into his chest cavity. Then steadily, it grows stronger and stronger, filling him up from the inside, until every sense in his body is full of Yoongi, Yoongi, *Yoongi*. And Jungkook already knows, he knows, but he can’t help but wonder, breathless, “Really? Are you really sure?”

Yoongi’s lips tug up, like he knows exactly what Jungkook is experiencing, and he probably *does*. The thought alone has Jungkook reeling. “Yeah. I’m really sure.”

Jungkook doesn’t even try to fight the slow smile dawning on his face. It’s like a silent explosion of fireworks are lighting up his insides. Yoongi isn’t looking away for a second, and his eyes give Jungkook confidence.

“Hyung,” he grins, and it feels too wide but he can’t stop. “I’m not sure I heard you the first time. What did you say again?”

“You punk,” Yoongi says, mirroring his expression and it makes Jungkook feel lighter than ever. “I’m changing my mind. You’re a terror, I don’t like you at all.”

“You’re a liar,” Jungkook giggles, a chortling sound he normally hates, giddy from the connection telling him all of Yoongi’s real feelings, like a steady current. “You’re lying to me right now!”

“Yeah,” Yoongi says, rolling his eyes, and Jungkook almost can’t breathe from the wave of fond relief washing over him. “Yeah I am, alright.”

**

Loosening his grip on Jungkook's hand, Yoongi instead takes hold of his wrist, the one displaying the question *what's your name* in deep black. His fingers carefully trace the words of Jungkook's tattoo, trailing goosebumps in their wake. Jungkook shivers, then says, "It's Jungkook. I really admire you, hyung. I think you're amazing. You're creative and your rap is so cool. I really," he hesitates for a second and then finishes softly, blush creeping up his neck, "like you."

Yoongi snorts at the confession, giving the wrist resting in his hand a squeeze. "What prompted this?"

Jungkook smiles timidly, peering at him through his eyelashes. "It was what I was planning to say to you, when we first met. At that fansign, I mean, when you asked for my name. I practiced it beforehand," he admits, somewhat sheepishly.

"Hmm," Yoongi considers, pursing his lips before smoothing them out in a smirk. "I'll give it five points for effort. Not very creative, and the delivery was weak. You're lucky you're pretty enough to make up for it," he finishes smugly, eyeing the blush that spreads out across Jungkook's cheekbones and all the way to the tips of his ears.

"*Yoongi-hyung!*" Jungkook fumes, gaping, and shoves at his shoulder. Yoongi laughs.

"What? Don't think you're pretty, Jungkookie?" He lowers his voice into something more sultry, letting only traces of amusement linger. "Want me to convince you?"

Through hooded eyes he sees the blush on Jungkook's cheeks deepen, and his dark eyes widen, before they flutter shut as the distance between them diminishes. Their knees bump against each other. Yoongi leans in, carefully nuzzles his cheek against Jungkook's warm one, and the sigh Jungkook's lips part around is sweeter than Yoongi's stage name. Tracing the tip of his nose along Jungkook's cheekbone, he whispers, "Jungkook?"

"Yes?" It's barely a breath. Hot air washes over Yoongi's lips.

"Can I kiss you?"

Even though his own eyes have lidded to slits, he can still make out the scrunch of Jungkook's nose as he emits an offended noise.

"Are you seriously *asking* for my fucking *permission*—" He starts, but the rest of the sentence ends in a muffled squeak as Yoongi closes the

distance and slots their lips together.

Jungkook's startled puff of breath is wet and hot. Yoongi carefully nips at his bottom lip, hand coming up to angle Jungkook's jaw so he can lick into his mouth. Jungkook makes a needy sound in his throat and presses closer. Yoongi feels him grab onto the fabric of his hoodie, clenching the garment in his fist.

Jungkook tastes like home, like breathing in fresh air after being shut inside a stuffy studio room for too long, like waking up from a lifetime of slumbering. Yoongi keeps the kiss languid, lazily stroking his tongue against Jungkook's before sucking. Jungkook jumps, a startled "ah!" slipping out of his mouth. The sound reverberates through Yoongi's entire being, making the breath in his lungs shake. He swipes his tongue against the roof of Jungkook's mouth before retreating with one last lick against his lips, grinning when Jungkook instinctively tries to follow.

"Hey," he murmurs, catching Jungkook's face in both his hands. His fingers fit under Jungkook's jawline, thumbs carefully rubbing gentle circles on Jungkook's flushed cheeks. His eyes are still closed and his mouth open, lips cherry red and slick with spit. Heat pools in the pit of his stomach, because Jungkook looks like a fucking *vision*. "Hey, Jungkook. Open your eyes."

Jungkook's lids flutter open, and he looks at Yoongi. His normally dark eyes are practically black, pupils blooming into black holes. "You didn't let me say yes," he rasps, and god, even his voice is wrecked. Yoongi's tongue darts out to wet his lips, and Jungkook's eyes trace the motion.

"You were taking too long."

"That impatient?" Jungkook asks, teasing. Yoongi laughs.

"Getting mouthy with me, kid?" he warns, grinning.

"Weren't you the one that just got *mouthy* with me?" Jungkook says innocently. "It was twenty seconds ago at most, can't you remember?" He smiles cheekily. Yoongi wants to bite his jaw. "You must really be getting old, hyung."

"You little brat," Yoongi growls, pinching the round cheeks under his hands. Jungkook looks like he has more snippy comebacks to quip.

Yoongi shuts him up by kissing him again.

At first, Yoongi doesn't realize what the white flakes floating down through the air are. He's just shutting the studio door behind them when Jungkook exclaims,

"Hyung!" Yoongi turns towards him. Jungkook is standing a few paces away palms turned up towards the overcast sky. "It's snowing!"

Yoongi looks up. The bright glare of the streetlights obscure his vision, making him squint to make out the darkness beyond. A snowflake lands on his cheek.

"I can see that," he replies, raising a brow. Jungkook laughs in a cloud of white mist, loud and bright.

They start walking. Jungkook is staying a few steps ahead, Yoongi trailing behind, watching as Jungkook flits back and forth, touching the thin layer of snow on a wall.

"Yah, Jeon Jungkook," Yoongi calls out to him, smile tugging at his lips. "Come over here."

Obediently, Jungkook comes ambling over, peering at Yoongi expectantly. Yoongi holds out his hands in the space between them. Jungkook looks at down at them, a tiny confused wrinkle appearing between his brows. It is, without doubt, the cutest thing Yoongi has seen in his life.

"My hands are cold," Yoongi deadpans.

"Um, okay?"

Yoongi wiggles his fingers. "So warm them up."

Jungkook stares at him for a moment, open-mouthed like he can't believe what Yoongi just said.

"... Seriously?"

Yoongi scowls, feeling the tips of his ears heat. "What, you don't want to?" He's about to stuff them back into his pockets when Jungkook grabs onto his withdrawing fingers. Yoongi stills, mid-motion.

Jungkook clasps both of Yoongi's hands, cradling them between his own. His own fingertips are chilly, but his palms are hot. Yoongi swallows, eyes flicking up to meet Jungkook's. Slowly, like he expects

Yoongi to pull away and wants to give him the opening, Jungkook lifts their hands towards his face, his dark eyes holding Yoongi's all the while.

Jungkook's cheeks are flushed red. Yoongi wonders if they would be hot or chilly underneath his palm. They puff up slightly before Yoongi feels his breath catch in his throat, hopelessly, helplessly, as Jungkook's red lips form a perfect 'o', blowing hot breath onto Yoongi's hands, cupped in his own. Yoongi stands there staring, frozen stiff, as Jungkook's fingers carefully rub against his own. Jungkook's eyes are downcast, watching their hands. There are flakes of snow stuck in his eyelashes. Illuminated by the street light up ahead, his skin glows. He's heart-stoppingly beautiful, and Yoongi's heart *aches*.

Then Jungkook's soft lips graze Yoongi's fingers, and the unexpected touch makes his hand jerk in Jungkook's grip. Jungkook startles, and it's like he's snapping out of a trance, the magic spell broken. His eyes fly up to meet Yoongi's like he's expecting something, but Yoongi couldn't form words right now even if he wanted. Abruptly, Jungkook lets go of his hands. Shoulders hunching, he steps back slightly. The snow continues to fall, undisturbed.

"Um, we should... Hyung, we should keep walking," he mumbles, face turned away. He makes to take another step away, but Yoongi's hand shoots up, grabbing onto his jacket before he can move any further. He steps up, raising his other hand to the side of Jungkook's face. Carefully, he slides it into Jungkook's hair, dark strands of hair slipping between his fingers. He hears Jungkook's shuddering intake of breath, and shifts his gaze from the contrast of the dark tufts of hair against his pale hand to Jungkook's expression.

"You have snow in your hair," Yoongi murmurs, voice pitched low like he's telling Jungkook a secret. "You should wear a hat, or you'll catch a cold."

Jungkook's lips part, like he's whispering something under his breath, too quiet for Yoongi to hear. Then the edges of his lips curl ever so slightly upward.

"Okay, hyung," he says, eyes soft.

"Don't you 'okay hyung' me," Yoongi grumbles, withdrawing his hand again. His grip on Jungkook's sleeve loosens, palm sliding down his arm until his hand finds Jungkook's, fingers clasping. "I'm trying to show concern for your well-being."

“I know you are.”

They start walking again. Jungkook’s fingers are curling tighter against Yoongi’s. Yoongi squeezes back. The reward of warmth flooding into his heart makes him feel lighter than the snow floating through the air.

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“So...” The host drags the words out, folding her hands atop her crossed legs as she leans back in the chair. “I think it’s time we finally address the question that has been on the tip of everyone’s tongue...” She pauses dramatically, drawing out the silence as the audience starts murmuring excitedly. Yoongi barely resists the urge to roll his eyes. Seokjin already nags him about there being a limit to how blasé of an image even a rapper like him can have.

“The vocalist featuring on your new single that has been tearing up the charts this past week... A voice that’s making hearts everywhere flutter,” Yoongi bites the inside of his cheek hard so he won’t burst out laughing in the middle of the broadcast, “except, no one seems to be able to find out who it belongs to. Where did you even find this guy?” She looks at them, expectant. Namjoon glances at Yoongi, who shrugs.

“Actually, he’s one of our fans,” Namjoon admits. The audience gasps collectively.

“A fan?” The interviewer sounds intrigued. “How did you discover him?”

“He came to one of our fansigns,” Yoongi says, at the same time Namjoon flinks in with “That was all thanks to Suga-hyung, actually.” Yoongi doesn’t need to turn his head to know he’s smirking.

“Thanks to Suga?” The bright stage lights shine on the perfect curls of the interviewer’s hair as she leans forward, smelling a juicy scoop. Yoongi would kick Namjoon, except there’s no table to obstruct the view. “I would’ve thought it was the opposite. It is surprising that

Suga, who is somewhat notorious for keeping a certain distance to your fans, would form enough of a connection with one to let them feature on your album... Did you say you first met at a fansign?"

"Yes, we did," Yoongi confirms, resigned. The fans and papers alike are going to be eating this up.

"That is very interesting," the interviewer says, sharing a significant look with the camera. "He must've made quite an impression on you."

Yoongi also glances over, thinking of Jungkook watching this live on their sofa at home. He's probably freaking out over the fact that he's being discussed live on national television. Yoongi's hand instinctively drifts up to rest on top of his sleeve-covered wrist, as he feels the smirk on his lips melt into a soft smile. Inside his ribcage, his heart thumps and thumps.

"Yeah," he tells the camera. "Yeah, I guess he did."

Chapter End Notes

i feel personally victimized by the end of this fic and i'm the one who wrote it

pls imagine one of those emotional montages they always put at the credits of kdramas that are like [emotional ost music] their eyes meeting for the first time... yoongi leaving the café, jungkook crying alone... yoongi rushing to save him, yoongi HOLDNIG HIM [music swells] AWKWARD MOMENTS AT YOONGI'S APARTMENT, THE TWO OF THEM WATCHING EACH OTHER IN THE DARK, THE LOVE THAT BLOOMS

as u can see i spend way too much time thinking about things. give me money i'm ready to direct this fic

anyway, thank you all so much! to every person who took the time to comment, leave kudos or even just click on this fic, i love you and i'm so grateful. i could never imagine so many people would enjoy this fic ;; please know that i cherished ever single word you guys gave me as much as you did mine!

shoutout to the new friends i gained thanks to this fic!! i'm trying not to make this emo but you guys honestly make me so happy TT < 3 also special thank you to my beta friend who is the real star of this production ☆

hit me up on [tumblr!](#)

End Notes

more parts will follow! please let me know what you think in the comments <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!